

THE ANTIOCH NEWS.

INDEPENDENT IN ALL THINGS, AND FOR THE RIGHT, AS WE UNDERSTAND THE RIGHT TO BE.

VOL. IV. No. 28.

J. J. BURKE.
EDITOR & PUBLISHER.

Antioch, Illinois, Thursday Morning Mar. 12, 1891.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR
STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

MISCONSIN CENTRAL LINE, TIME TABLE.

GOING NORTH.
No. 5, 5:07 P. M.
No. 7, 10:19 A. M.
No. 9, 7:10 P. M.
No. 11, 12:30 A. M.
GOING SOUTH.
No. 2, 5:05 A. M.
No. 4, 11:55 A. M.
No. 6, 8:47 P. M.
No. 8, 7:55 A. M.
No. 10, 7:55 A. M.
Reference mark * Stop on signal.
During the Summer Season, all of the above
trains, run daily between Chicago and Wauke-
gan, except the Milk train, Nos. 9 and 10.
W. F. ZIEGLER, Agt.

Antioch Home News.

Attend the ball at Rogers' Hall
next Tuesday evening.

The ANTIOCH NEWS and the Chi-
cago weekly *Inter Ocean or Journal*
to new subscribers, one year for
\$1.80.

J. C. James & Son have a large
line of coffins and caskets in cloth
and wood. Hearses in connection.
Embalming a specialty.

The frame work of Lyman Grice's
new barn is about completed. The
building when finished will be as
commodious as any in the village.

Mr. M. A. Howard started for
Waukegan the fore part of the
week to act as jurymen during the
present session of the grand jury.

Mr. Thomas Edwards of Rose-
crans was a caller at our office on
Friday last. Come on friends our
latch string always hangs on the
outside.

The early spring vegetable has
begun to make its appearance once
more—and well what's the use of
sighing. Such luxuries never were
intended for an editor's table any-
way.

A number of our people had their
sleighs out during the past week,
but the sleighing afforded was not
calculated to make anyone grow
enthusiastic on the subject of sleigh
riding.

There will be a St. Patrick's ball
at Kines, hall Tuesday evening mar-
ch 17, 1891. Good music will be fur-
nished and all are cordially invited
to attend. Tickets including oyster
supper \$1.25.

The Cornet Band boys will give
a grand ball Tuesday evening March
17, 1891 at Rogers hall this village.
A good time is promised and all are
cordially invited to attend. For
further notice see small bills.

A large quantity of lumber is be-
ing hauled to the vicinity of our
lakes which indicates renewed build-
ing activity in that section. Many
additions will be made to the various
hotels and everything at present
indicates a prosperous season for
hotel men.

Waukegan has been indulging in
a grand jollification ever since the
Washburn-Moen Co. decided to
locate there. Well "the city on the
bluff" has much to congratulate
itself upon, but what has Kenosha
done to deserve being slapped in the
face with a big rooster?

A team belonging to Charles
Hockney indulged in a runaway last
Friday which resulted in the serious
injury of one of the horses. The
team started from the depot and
when in front of Ben Stone & Co's.
store left the road and one of the
horses coming in contact with a
hitching post, injuring its neck and
shoulder.

It is with feelings of deepest
sympathy for the bereaved ones
that we chronicle the death of
Lorena Hattie, youngest child and
only daughter of H. E. Zimmerman
and wife of Burlington, the news of
which sad event did not reach our
office until too late for publication
last week. Born the 10th day of
last August and when but six
months and eighteen days old, He
whose love no mortal mind can gan-
gaw fit to call her from this world
of care to fill a brighter place in
Heaven.

Mr. T. Udell of this village will
have an auction sale at his farm
north of Genoa Junction Saturday,
March 14th.

A number of our people have
been on the sick list during the
past week but are at present all on
the gain.

The *Real Estate Journal*, a bright
newly sheet published at Kansas
city Mo. is a new arrival at our ex-
change table.

The carpenter work on the Will-
iams Bros' new store is completed.
The building is one of the finest of
the kind in the country.

C. B. Harrison and Son are pre-
pared to grind feed on Thursday of
each week in a first class manner
and at reasonable rates.

Howard Hadlock has moved his
stock of tinware to T. C. Richard-
sons store and will hereafter conduct
his tin shop in that building.

When a newspaper man is asked
to do sixty dollars worth of advertis-
ing for thirty dollars and to receive
therefor a lot of trashy cuts of live
stock, poultry etc., which are in
many cases of no little value to a
printing office as so much worn out
metal would be, he is apt to come to
the conclusion that there are many
advertisers who fish for suckers
even in the newspaper ranks.

Dr. A. Maynard of Chicago de-
livered a very pleasing lecture at the
Disciple Church in this village, last
Monday evening, taking as the sub-
ject of his discourse, "The Purchase
price and the Redemption price." In
a logical and conclusive manner the
lecturer went on to show that the
American Saloon and Saloon system
of America was purchasing the
bloom of American manhood and
that the redemption price of our
youth could only be paid when the
nation had wiped out the last linger-
ing vestige of the saloon power in
politics. Space will not admit of
our entering into a synopsis, how-
ever brief, of the many salient points
in his discourse, and we regret that
owing to the disagreeableness of the
evening, the attendance at the lec-
ture was rather small.

Be Gentle.

Don't judge a man by the clothes
he wears. God made one and the
tailor the other.

Don't judge a man by the house
he lives in, for the rat and the lizard
often inhabit the grandest structure.

Don't judge a man by family re-
lations, for Cain belonged to a good
family.

Don't judge a man by his mistakes
in life, for many a man is too hon-
est to succeed.

When a man dies they who sur-
vive him ask; what property he has
left behind? But the angel who
bends over the dying man asks;
what good deed he has sent on before.

The above was handed us by a
friend, as an old newspaper clipping
which is too good to lose.

COUNTY SEAT ITEMS.

(From our regular Correspondent.)

Circuit Court convened Monday.
The Board of Supervisors met Tues-
day.

S. H. Kennedy is sick with ty-
phoid fever.

Uncle Tom's Cabin will be played
here March 18th.

Geo. Hollowell is heavily stocked
in the furniture line for spring
trade.

Thursday E. Mayne was adjudged
insane and taken to the asylum by
Sheriff Conrad.

Adam Behn Jr. has sold to B. F.
Hendee 160 acres in Fremont town-
ship for \$10,000.

The compilers of the new city
map are having extra work, as sub-
divisions are numerous.

The new Powell & Hutchins sub-
division on the edge of the ravine
near the light house contains 15 lots.

Grady & Hollowell have made a
sub-division on the west side near
the mineral springs.

J. A. Quinlan has opened a real-
estate, loan and insurance office on
Washington St.

Our new surveyor, J. H. S. Lee
has an office in Warren's block and
is kept busy.

The street and alley committee
are endeavoring to find the best
sewer system for Waukegan.

Col. L. B. Hibbard, editor of the
Post has purchased a house and lot
on Clayton street paying \$2,700 for
it.

H. J. Slyfield will erect two hand-
some stores on his Genesee street
lots instead of one as he at first in-
tended.

An Auction sale of the noted
horses of the late Col. W. D. Croc-
ket will be one of the attractions of
the near future.

A company is now formed for
the manufacture of barrels to be
made by machinery at the rate of
800 per day.

Rev. E. Amherst Ott of the
Christian Church is fast becoming
popular in our city as a minister and
eloquentist.

C. E. Webb, E. P. DeWolf and
F. J. Dietmeyer have purchased of
P. Moran 87 feet on the bluff oppo-
site the depot for \$1,150.

The engineers of the Chicago &
North-western Ry. have been at
work locating their line to the
Washburn Moen site.

There will be a new enterprise
here in the form of an abstract busi-
ness company, more of which will
be announced later.

Mr. Cory of the Cory Car Works
was here during the week, consult-
ing with Geo. H. Braun regarding
plans for buildings for the company
and work will soon be commenced
on their site near W. H. Dow's
manufactory.

There is a report that the Israel
property recently purchased by the
Northwestern Railway Company
will be placed in the hands of promi-
nent real estate firms of Chicago
and that it will be greatly improved
and sub-divided.

It is a fixed fact that the Wash-
burn-Moen Wire Co., will locate here,
satisfactory arrangements have been
made with the Northwestern R. R.
after a delay of several weeks.
The Mayor and city council have
been untiring in their efforts to
overcome all obstacles.

Last Friday Cornelius Sterling, a
man of fifty years, and an employee
as laborer on the Northwestern R. R.
was found wandering in the woods
in Benton. He was taken to Dr.
Barney's office with frozen feet and
hands. He was adjudged insane and
placed in the county jail.

The new banking firm about to
become established in this city will
be organized by Messrs Mulhall who
have several banking interests in
various cities and abundant means.
They will occupy the lower rooms
of W. C. Upton's new office build-
ing, which they have leased for a
term of years.

The *Post* seems to think that Rev.
E. A. Ott, pastor of the Christian
church at Waukegan done a wise
thing in purchasing a *Encyclopedia*
Britannica before he takes a wife, that
may be true in Vermont, but Bro.
Hibbard a man can get a *Britannica*
in the state of Ill. after he gets a
wife if a preacher cannot in Ver-
mont.

WILMOT JOTTINGS.

Mrs. Marsh has been sick the
past week.

Ward Arnold of Chicago made
Wilmot a flying visit the fore part
of the week.

Mr. E. J. Dalrymple returned to
Columbia Co. Wis. Friday to con-
tinue canvassing.

Mrs. John Sibley who has been
visiting relatives in Kenosha re-
turned Saturday eve.

Communion services were held in
the M. E. Church Sunday conducted
by Rev. Clark of Salem.

Job Voak of Britton Dakota was
the guest of J. Ward and C. W.
Voak the fore part of the week.

John Strain's baby has been quite
sick, also Bert Brainerds two little
girls but all are improving.

Messrs Mahoney, Petit, Holister
and Gronquist of Kenosha attended
a session of the Masons last Thurs-
day eve returning the next day.

GUESS WHO?

ANTIOCH MILLINERY STOCK FOR SALE.

Requiring the room for other business,
I offer for sale my stock of millinery
goods. Call or address:
Mrs. MATTIE F. EDMONS,
Antioch, Ill.

Wisconsin Central Time Table.

Trains arrive at and depart from Trevor,
as follows:

NORTH.		SOUTH.	
No. 1....	12:45 a. m.	No. 2....	4:52 a. m.
No. 3....	10:50 p. m.	No. 4....	8:03 a. m.
No. 5....	5:14 p. m.	No. 6....	11:53 a. m.
No. 7....	10:25 a. m.	No. 8....	6:30 p. m.
No. 9....	7:20 p. m.	No. 10....	7:20 a. m.

* Trains stop on signal only.
+ Trains do not stop for passengers.
Through tickets furnished at lowest rates.
For further information enquire of Agent,
GEORGE SHAYES, Agent.

TREVOR, WIS.

Curtis & Orvis keep a supply of
nice potatoes for sale also all kinds
of feed.

Miss Cora Reynolds went to Chi-
cago on a visit last Friday and came
home Sunday.

Mrs. Milo Havens of St. Louis is
visiting Mrs. L. A. Havens at the
present time.

The new hotel now building at
the north end of Channel lake is
nearing completion.

March thus far has been quite
unpleasant, wind, rain, snow and
sleet have nearly filled up the time.

James Turnock sold twenty four
head of fat cattle to P. Cunningham
of Burlington for 900 dollars.

The young folks gave K. K. Cass's
boys a surprise party one evening
last week from Liberty school
district, and had a huge time.

Sam M. Stewart came home last
Saturday from Iowa, where he took
a car load of horses and brought 4
car loads of fat sheep back for the
Chicago market.

J. V. Barhyte bought the build-
ing occupied by J. M. Orvis at Salem
for a meat market and is moving the
same to Trevor to be used for the
same purpose here.

THE OAKLAND FLAG.

RECEIVED TOO LATE FOR PUBLICATION
LAST WEEK

The day proved fine for the oc-
casion. The pole was raised in the
forenoon, and in the afternoon the
patriotic children gathered to see the
flag raised. A fine programme had
been prepared and was carried out
as follows: America, that grand old
song, was rendered by the school.
Next on the programme was a
recitation entitled, Raising of the
School-house Flag, which certainly
was very appropriate for the oc-
casion; then a reading from Cora

White, in which Washington said
the flag would wave "A Thousand
Years," and certainly the feeling of
those there showed that they
thought Washington was right;
then a recitation from Una Minto,
entitled, The American Flag, show-
ing that there is but the one flag for
our people. That old war song, The
Star Spangled Banner, was then
rendered by Cora White, all joining
in the chorus, which readily brought
the teacher, Mrs. Thorpe to the floor,
explaining the trying occasion on
which the song was written; Next,
The Soldiers Pride, by Robert Minto
which ought to be the pride of every
one in the land; then an essay by
Alice White, on the American Flag
from 1776 until the present time, as
she proudly represents forty-four
states by that many stars; next, by
Frank Savage, Our Flag and The
Union Forever, which very appropri-
ately ended.

Three times three for the Union
forever,
Three times for the brave and the
true,
Three times three for the star
spangled banner,
With its beautiful red, white and
blue."

A recitation, Our Flag, by Annie
Minto, which thoroughly roused the
house; we then listened to an origi-
nal poem by Mrs. D. J. Minto, en-
titled The Oakland Flag.

Oakland's patriotic heart
Beats joyfully to-day,
For o'er her district school house,
Waves Freedom's banner gay.

Well and bravely have her pupils
For this bright standard wrought
Well and bravely have their fathers
For its true honor fought.

Yes, from out the homes among us
Brave men went at freedom's call.
Fought to save you starry banner
From an ignominious fall.

Praise God! that from fields of carnage
There are left some veterans true.
Ever will your wives and children
Remember what they owe to you.

This banner means to us far more
Than its simple white and blue,
With its crimson like the sunset
And stars that glimmer through.

It means to us, our happy homes,
A right to learnings hall
Where none molest or make afraid,
And God reigns over all.

Then hail to thee our gallant flag,
Bright ensign of the free,
We welcome thee with joyful shout,
All hail! again to thee.

Fair Oakland represents today
People from many a clime,
But we are one beneath our flag,
One at our country's shrine.

This tie shall bind our hearts and
hands
Where'er our flag unfurls.
Aldearly prize, 'twas dearly bought,
And guard it—boys and girls.

Reverently and with faithful hands,
Defend it when you must,
And never let a traitor dare
To trail it in the dust.

We were also favored with an
original poem from Mr. H. D.
Hughes Then The Battle Cry of
Freedom, by all, judging from the
rendering of it, it seemed to arouse
the soldiers present.

A call for speeches then was made.
From veterans, citizens and auctioneers,
Who with one accord excuses made,
Too much dinner some had had
While others still had none at all,
And one, it is the truth I tell,
Declared he'd had enough for all.
Then our pretty rhyme was broke
Of words of kindness that awoke
In his patriotic yoke.

The last on the programme was
the raising of the flag. As the
flag slowly ascended the school
joined in the good old familiar song
of Three cheers for the red white
and blue, which was drowned when
the flag reached the mast-head and
was flung to the breeze, by the grand
hurrah. Three cheers then went up
for the red, white and blue and as
the noise died away heavy firing was
heard in the west, which continued
for some minutes. As the smoke
cleared away it was seen that it was
a salute from Argyle Farm. A vote
of thanks was then tendered the
teacher and poets. All then ad-
joined feeling happy with the day's
proceedings.

CITIZEN.

A NEW BOOK.

THE NEW DICTIONARY The answer of
the publishers of Webster's Unabridged
Dictionary to the attempt of pirates to
steal their thunder by issuing cheap pho-
totype reproductions of the antiquated
edition of 1847, is the publication of a
new and completely re-edited and en-
larged edition of the authentic Unabrid-
ed, which as a distinguishing title bears
the name of INTERNATIONAL.

The publishers have expended in the
last ten years over \$300,000 in the prepa-
ration of this new book before issuing the
first copy, and the improvements of the
various editions since that of 1847 have
cost over three-fourths of a million of
dollars for editing, illustrating, type-
setting and electrotyping alone.

This new Dictionary is the best book
of its kind in the English language. It
unlocks mysteries, resolves doubts, and
decides disputes. The possession of it
and the habit of consulting it will tend to
promote knowledge, literary taste and
social refinement. For every family, the
members of which have mastered the art
of reading, the purchase of WEBSTER'S
INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY will prove a
profitable investment, and the more
they advance in knowledge and culti-
vation the more they will appreciate its
aid and worth.

LIFE OF GENERAL SHERMAN.

No literary announcement of the year
is of greater interest to the general public
than that of a comprehensive Life of
General Sherman, which is about to be
published and sold through agents by the
noted house of Hubbard Brothers, of
Philadelphia. Admirable biographies of
Grant and Sheridan, complete to the time
of their death, are already familiar to the
public, but a life of the third great com-
mander, to finish the series, has been
lacking. The various biographies of
Sherman hitherto published have neces-
sarily been incomplete; and even his own
memoirs, written in 1875, said almost
nothing of his intensely interesting early
life, and not a word, of course, of the
more than twenty years of social activity
and fraternity with old comrades since
the war.

The work which is now to be issued
will splendidly supply the widely felt
demand for a history of the great strategic
commander. It is being written by
General O. O. Howard, a man of fine
literary attainments, who knew Sherman
better than any other of his comrades
now living, and ranked next but one to
him in the army, and by Willis Fletcher
Johnson, whose ability as a historian is
familiar to the reading public of America
through his former unusually popular
works, which have had millions of read-
ers, and the sales of their vast editions
enriched an army of book agents. That
this history of Sherman, the last of the
great Generals, will surpass all others in
popularity is not to be doubted.

The story of this great General's career
is of a marvellous march from the moun-
tains of time to the sea of eternity. Of
the three great war heroes, Sherman was
by far the most interesting personality.
He was the best known to the public and
the best loved for his genial disposition
and warm sympathy with the popular
heart. He has joined his illustrious com-
peers in the eternal bivouac of the
dead. His is a life to study—to emulate
—and is a profound inspiration. The
forthcoming volume will tell the whole
story of his marvellous career, and from
the authorship engaged upon it, we are
assured it will be told in a way that will
enthrall the attention and interest of
every reader from first to last. It is a
book every American will want and one
every American youth should read. It
will doubtless be the best life of the great
chieftain published, and we predict for it
wonderful popularity.

CARD OF THANKS.

We wish to return thanks to the
many friends who so kindly assisted
us during the sickness and at the
death of Grandmother Fields.

Henry and Thomas Fields
and Richard Briggs.

FOR SALE.

A store 24x70 feet in Salem, Wis.
on the C. & N. W. Railroad, a good
trading point, with stock and fix-
tures complete, will be sold cheap as
the owner wishes to retire from busi-
ness on account of age. \$1,000 cash,
balance on time.
Also fine building lots for \$75.00
and up, in Hancock's Addition
to Antioch.

CHINN & BURKE.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Latest Intelligence From All Parts of The World.

Governor Francis granted a stay of execution in the case of Lewis Bulling, the St. Joseph wife murderer, sentenced to be hanged at Savannah, Andrew county. The stay of execution was granted until April 17. In the meantime the Governor will examine the papers filed with him.

John Baumgart of Boone, Iowa, was killed in the head by a horse and instantly killed.

Charles Swain fell from the roof of the new bridge at Muscatine, Iowa, and was crushed to death on the ice.

George L. Graves, a farmer, who lived near Peru, Ind., was run over and crushed to death by a train on the Pennsylvania road.

Ex-Senator Ingalls has written a newspaper article severely criticizing the lavish appropriations for a new navy.

J. M. Forbes of Boston paid \$11,000 for a 2-year-old brown colt at the New York horse sale. The animal was sired by Stamboul.

T. H. Shepard & Co. of Chicago, have purchased 8,000,000 feet of logs from Dundas Bros., of Ashland, Wis.

Dr. T. L. Armstrong, government live stock inspector, has been directed to open an office in Indianapolis.

W. H. Harden, a newspaper man, committed suicide at Yankton, S. D. Lack of employment was the cause.

W. G. French, the murderer of G. M. Steel, was arraigned at Ashland, Wis., for preliminary examination. He was remanded back to jail.

Eva Bloch, a young Polish girl, hanged herself in a room in the Union depot at Pittsburg. A note was found in her purse saying that she committed suicide because she did not stay in her native country.

As a result of the Austrian elections the Old Czechs issued a manifesto in which they declared that they would retire.

Three men were killed by an explosion of gas in a coal-mine at Shamokin, Pa.

Shakespeare Reeves, a colored man guilty of felonious assault, was hanged at New Castle, Del.

The great strike of coal miners in the Monongahela valley has ended in a victory for the men, their request for an increase of wages being granted.

The bill in the California Legislature appropriating \$300,000 for the exhibit of that State at the Columbian exposition has passed both Houses and received the signature of the Governor.

Conrad Lanzendorfer, butcher, and one of the leaders of the Mannerheim Society of Council Bluffs, is missing. He left his place of business Monday and has not been seen since, except by some dirt haulers near the cemetery. Searchers are looking for him.

A company has been formed, with \$200,000 capital, to develop rich deposits of opx in Pulaski and Crawford counties, Missouri.

Near Ellis, Kan., the body of a sheep herder, frozen to death in the recent blizzard, was found. The body had been nearly devoured by coyotes.

Four Delaware ex-State treasurers, covering the period from 1875 to 1891, swore that they had never seen the missing State securities.

The passenger boat City of Richmond and cargo boat at New York. The loss on the boat is \$125,000; fully insured.

At Lewis Creek Station, Ind., Alcott Laws, aged 30 years, was found dead in his room with his brains blown out. Whether he committed suicide or was the victim of robbers is unknown.

Two students burned to death in the Monroe, N. C., high school building.

In an avalanche near Alta, Utah, two men were killed and two were injured.

The Carpenters council of Chicago, has decided upon a general strike, to begin April 1.

George L. Gibson, secretary of the whisky trust of Cook county, Ill., was admitted to bail on four additional indictments found by the grand jury.

Cal Morgan, a car repairer, in an altercation with Bert Parker at Ottumwa, Ia., struck him in the head with a monkey wrench with a fatal result.

G. H. Cook, a smooth individual, was arrested at Omaha on suspicion of being the sharper who connived the Rev. J. A. Bradick of Omaha out of \$5,000 recently.

More than three hundred letters containing sums ranging from \$10 to \$25 are held in the Omaha postoffice which are addressed to the fraudulent Pierce Piano company, recently unearthed.

Miss Melville, leading lady in Joseph Murphy's company, was robbed of \$3,000 worth of diamonds and other property at the Haymarket theater, Chicago.

Another requisition from Governor Bulkeley, of Connecticut, for the return of a fugitive horse thief, has been rejected by Governor Hill, of New York, who sets up the claim that Bulkeley is a "murderer."

Ex-State Treasurer McFetridge of Wisconsin was placed on the route at Beaver Dam, Wis. He admitted having accepted gratuities from bankers, who told him that it was customary to do so.

Smallpox has broken out among the hundreds of negroes who have been flocking to Oklahoma from the South, and the citizens of Guthrie are demanding that they be quarantined. They are encamped on the prairie and the suffering among them is great.

Carl Binder, a prominent business man of Battle Creek, Mich., committed suicide by hanging himself in the cellar of his store.

At Kalamazoo the jury in the celebrated \$100,000 damage case of the Masonic Fraternity vs. Chase returned a verdict for the plaintiff for \$200.

Boston was visited by a blinding snow-storm, impeding business and travel in the city. Fifteen inches of snow fell during one day.

An explosion occurred at the Nottingham colliery, operated by the Leigh and Wilkeshaire Coal company, at Plymouth, Pa., by which three men were fatally and two others seriously injured.

The authorities are investigating another mysterious murder which was committed at St. Mary's, Ohio, when the body of an oil-well driller named Hedrick was found in a derelict with a crushed skull, and a piece of tubing lying across his body.

A resolution passed the New York Senate submitting to a vote of the people an amendment to the Constitution providing that election contests shall be settled in the courts.

IT DIED PEACEABLY.

WORK OF THE FIFTY-FIRST CONGRESS COMPLETED.

The National Solons Work Like Beavers All Night—Scenes and Incidents of the Closing Hours.

The Total Appropriation Bills Passed This Session Carry With Them the Sum of \$240,000,000.

The Vote of Thanks to Speaker Reed Carried by a Strict Party Vote—Democratic Thank Cannon.

WASHINGTON, March 3.—The House and Senate were adjourned in session during the night. The hope that some of the members indulged that short recess would be taken toward morning was not realized. The business of the night was confined mostly to reports of the conference committees, and when they were not ready there was an effort made to pass the bills under a suspension of the rules. These efforts usually interposed a good deal of fun and some sharp cross-talking among the members, who grew ill-tempered as the small hours dragged along.

The time during the night and early morning was occupied with conference reports on various appropriation bills, and by daylight nearly all the appropriation bills were agreed to except the deficiency bill.

The House meantime took up the bill appropriating about \$200,000 to pay a large number of small claims by legal actions in southern States for property taken during the war and for which judgment was rendered in the Court of Claims and agreed to in the Senate amendments. Mr. Forney made a brief statement of the appropriation bills this session, saying they carry \$207,000,000, and with permanent appropriations make the amount required for the next fiscal year \$240,000,000, being \$27,000,000 more than last year.

The report of the conferees of the deficiency bill stated that they had disagreed on the feature appropriating \$1,200,000 for the payment of the French spoliation claims, and asked a separate vote on this question in the House. This created much excitement and there were loud cries of "vote, vote," by Hutterworth, Payson, Cannon, and Buckle, and the bill was passed by a vote of 150 yeas and 140 nays.

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IT DIED PEACEABLY.

WORK OF THE FIFTY-FIRST CONGRESS COMPLETED.

The National Solons Work Like Beavers All Night—Scenes and Incidents of the Closing Hours.

The Total Appropriation Bills Passed This Session Carry With Them the Sum of \$240,000,000.

The Vote of Thanks to Speaker Reed Carried by a Strict Party Vote—Democratic Thank Cannon.

WASHINGTON, March 3.—The House and Senate were adjourned in session during the night. The hope that some of the members indulged that short recess would be taken toward morning was not realized. The business of the night was confined mostly to reports of the conference committees, and when they were not ready there was an effort made to pass the bills under a suspension of the rules. These efforts usually interposed a good deal of fun and some sharp cross-talking among the members, who grew ill-tempered as the small hours dragged along.

The time during the night and early morning was occupied with conference reports on various appropriation bills, and by daylight nearly all the appropriation bills were agreed to except the deficiency bill.

The House meantime took up the bill appropriating about \$200,000 to pay a large number of small claims by legal actions in southern States for property taken during the war and for which judgment was rendered in the Court of Claims and agreed to in the Senate amendments. Mr. Forney made a brief statement of the appropriation bills this session, saying they carry \$207,000,000, and with permanent appropriations make the amount required for the next fiscal year \$240,000,000, being \$27,000,000 more than last year.

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THE CAMP FIRE.

PLEASANT READING OF AND FOR OUR BRAVE VETERANS.

The Private in Our Army—Gen. W. T. Sherman—Increase of Pay—Incidents, Etc., Etc.

One there was when country called him,
And when war's first dread alarm
Pealed the clarion note of warning,
Ordering freemen to take arms,
Boldly marched in line of battle,
(How could wanton bullets harm thee?)
All amid the roar and rattle,
Valiant Private in our army.

On battlefield, in prison pen,
On picket line, by day or night,
Wherever duty ere called him,
In quiet camp, in thickest fight,
Our soldier laid upons our flag,
No traitorous hand was harming,
Ah! we owe our homes and country,
To our private in the army.

Private Bob it was who turned back
The sure sabre's glistering blade,
Meant to kill our honored Colonel,
In that last dark bloody raid,
And that eve around the camp-fire,
With no bugle sounds alarming,
Comrades drank the health in silence
Of one private in our army.

When spring puts on her mantle green,
And stars it o'er with flowers of May,
And comrades mark the graves of friends
With flags on Decoration Day,
Then a Nation with pay tribute,
And the few left that bore arms
Then will consecrate the memory
Of the private in our army.

When the scales shall be adjusted,
On the glorious Judgment day,
And the varied hosts are mustered
From the worlds that scattered lay,
Of all the heavenly chanting,
These the magic words that charm thee,
"Welshed in balance, not found wanting,"
Sainted private in our army.

—Florence Earle, in Home and Country.

General Sherman.
On May 13, 1861, Sherman was
commissioned colonel of the Thirteenth
Infantry, with instructions
to report to Gen. Scott at Washington.
He was put in command of a brigade
in Tyler's division.

On Aug. 3, 1861, he was made a
Brigadier-General of Volunteers,
to date from May 17, and on August 28
he was sent from the Army of the
Potomac to be second in command to
Gen. Robert Anderson in Kentucky.
On account of broken health Gen. An-
derson soon asked to be relieved from
the command, and was succeeded by
Gen. Sherman on October 17.

He was relieved from his command
by Gen. Buell on November 12 and
ordered to report to Gen. Halleck,
commanding the Department of the
West. General Sherman was placed
in command of Benton Barracks.
At this time General Grant was in com-
mand of the force to move on to Fort
Heary and Donelson in February,
1862, and just after the capture of
these strongholds Sherman was as-
signed to the Army of the Tennessee.
In the great battle of Shiloh, Sher-
man's division served as a sort of a
pivot. The loss in Sherman's division
was 2,038.

On July 15, Sherman was ordered
to Memphis with instructions to put
it in state of defense. After the Western
armies had advanced to the line of the
Memphis and Charleston Railroad the
next step was to capture Vicksburg
and thereby open to navigation the
Mississippi River, in which program
Gen. Sherman took a conspicuous part.
On account of the brilliant services of
Gen. Sherman in this campaign he
was appointed a brigadier-general in
the regular army to date from July
14, 1863.

After General Grant had been made
lieutenant-general and assumed com-
mand of all the armies of the United
States on March 2, he assigned Gen.
Sherman to the command of the Military
Division of the Mississippi, com-
prising the entire Southwestern re-
gion, with temporary headquarters at
Nashville. In a letter of March 4,
1864, Gen. Grant acknowledges to
Gen. Sherman his great gratitude for
his cooperation and skill, which so
largely contributed to his own success.

—The Romance of a Bible.

When John G. Keadle left home in
1861 as a volunteer in the Twentieth
Indiana Regiment he took with him a
look of his young wife's and 3-months-
old daughter's hair, carefully inclosed
in a Bible which was given him by
his wife. He lost the Bible during a
battle. A friend from Georgia, visit-
ing George R. Harper, in this coun-
try, told how his relative, Capt. Job
Russell, of Company A, Third Georgia
Regiment, had found just such a
Bible with the name and all in it.
Harper did not know Keadle, but ad-
vertised the book in a Grand Army
newspaper, saying it had been placed
in his keeping. Keadle saw the ad-
vertisement, came to Madison, re-
covered his treasure, and returned
with it to his home in Talbot, Ind.
The daughter is now 30 years old and
married, but her mother is dead.—Ex-

—Was Carried at the Head of the 137th.

An Illinois state official received
from John Wood, of Quincy, the in-
tended old battle flag which was carried
at the head of the One Hundred and
Thirty-seventh Regiment of Illinois
Volunteers during the Civil War. The
flag was obtained by Mr. Wood from
his grandfather, Gov. John Wood, who
was Colonel of the regiment, and it
will be placed among the battle flags
of other Illinois regiments now in
Memorial Hall at the State House,
Springfield.

In Memory of Gen. Crook.

The pioneers of Arizona propose to
erect a monument to the memory of
the late General Crook. The papers
of the State have taken the matter in
hand, and one gentleman suggests a
shaft of Arizona onyx, a sufficient
amount of which he proposes to do-
nate himself. The suggestion is an
appropriate one and should find ready
adoption in the State whose peace and
prosperity were promoted by General
Crook.—Army and Navy Register.

FOR THE LADIES.

The Bible Saved His Life.
L. R. Thompson, Co. F, 26th Ill.,
says his regiment was in 67 battles
and skirmishes, and marched 6,931
miles. On July 28, 1864, in front of
Atlanta, where Hood's force tried to
break through Sheridan's line, after
several unsuccessful attempts to carry
the works of the Fifteenth Corps, there
were more dead and wounded in front
of the 26th Ill. than the regiment
numbered, and among them were one
General, several Colonels and a large
number of line officers. The writer
was wounded on Aug. 17 in front of
Atlanta, as was also a soldier of the
First Division, Fifteenth Corps, who
had his middle finger shot off, the
bullet striking his breast over the
heart, lodging in a small Bible. This
Bible had been presented to him by
his young wife when he entered the
service. The writer would be pleased
to hear from the comrade if he is still
alive.—Nat. Tribune.

In Missouri.

F. M. Adams, Montserrat, Mo., says
that in the fall of 1861 Gen. Polk
started on a raid from Sedalia, Mo.,
and when about thirty or forty miles
southwest turned back north and east
through Warrensburg. Three miles
east of the town one of the soldiers
got into a goose lot and was busy at-
tending to the birds when an old red-
headed woman charged him with some
wet cornstarch, swiping him over the
back. The writer thinks the soldier
was an Iowa boy. The command
camped that evening three miles west
of Knobnoster, and they captured 1,500
Johnnies at Mollard's Bend, on the
Black Water. These rebels were on
their way South to join old Pap
Price.—National Tribune.

A Correction.

Henry Palmer, Co. F, 53d Ill.,
wishes to correct a recent statement
concerning the raid from Bolivar,
Tenn., which took place on the 20th
and 21st of September, 1862. It was
the First Brigade, Fourth Division,
Sixteenth Corps, that was engaged.
He is confident as to the date, as he
kept a diary through the service.
The battle of the Hatchie, where the
rebels were stopped on their retreat
from Corinth, was fought Oct. 5, 1862.
The raid from Bolivar was a big mis-
take, as they took such a large wagon-
train, and had so few troops, that they
came very near all being captured,
and if the rebels had gotten between
the Union forces and Bolivar the Yan-
kees would have been gobbled up.

A Thrifty Lady.

"I have," says a Maine pension
agent, "what I consider a funny pen-
sion case on hand. Several years ago
I secured a pension for a soldier of a
certain regiment and company, and
then, after his death, I secured a pen-
sion for his widow. Now she comes
to me to help her secure another pen-
sion as the widow of another member
of the same regiment. You see that
since I secured her first widow's pen-
sion she had married a comrade-in-
arms of her first husband, and now
that he, too, is dead, with a frugality
and economy that is commendable and
according to Scripture, she is apply-
ing for the second pension. I have
never known exactly a similar case."
—Banner of Light.

The Retired List.

The action of the Senate on the
Army bill will evidently result in pre-
venting a serious injustice to retired
officers holding civil places under the
Government. It appears that the
action of the House was wholly di-
rected at two officers, General Rose-
crans and General Baldy Smith. This
was frankly stated in the debate by
some of the Senators. Mr. Fry used
the following language: "I agree
entirely with the Senator from Texas
[Mr. Reagan] that it is an outrage to
pay General Rosecrans \$4,125 a year
as a retired officer, when he was re-
tired by reason of old age, and at the
same time pay him \$4,000 a year as
Register of the Treasury."—Army
and Navy Register.

Bismarck's Little Wren.

Prince Bismarck's present hobby,
according to a German interviewer, is
a little wren which flies about his
room and eats out of his hand. This
is the only interesting fact of the
latest interviewer's (Herr Bower's)
story, except the ex-chancellor's reply
to some strong anti-French talk on his
questioner's part. Prince Bismarck,
it seems, broke away from this sub-
ject with the words: "We cannot an-
nihilate the French race. Germany
will never lead a prophylactic war,
and, for the rest, the whole war ques-
tion is one of chemistry. The enemy
of Germany who first absolutely re-
quires the best powder will begin."
—London News.

The Retired List.

The transfer from the limited to the
unlimited retired list of officers who
have reached the age of 64 years, will
be of benefit to the army. At present
there are 391 officers on the limited
list, about 95 of which number have
reached the age of 64. The new law
decreases the number on the list to
350, leaving over 60 vacancies to be
filled by officers recommended for re-
tirement. There are 59 officers await-
ing retirement at present.—Army and
Navy Register.

It Finally Came.

David W. Jones, of Jacksonville,
Ill., has just been notified of the al-
lowance of his claim for a pension
which he filed about twenty-five years
ago. He receives a back pension to
the amount of \$8,500, and for the re-
maining years of his life will receive
\$72 per month. Mr. Jones, belonged
to Company K, One Hundred and
Forty-fourth Illinois Volunteers, a
regiment formed in the southern part
of the State.

FOR THE LADIES.

MATTERS AND ITEMS OF INTEREST TO THE TENDER SEX.

Polliteness Between Sisters—What Queen
Victoria Drinks—Instructive and
Humorous Items.

It has been observed that sisters
who quarrel, and have the least re-
spect for one another, are almost in-
variably those who have been brought
up without a proper appreciation of
each other's rights. True, in the
most harmonious families, one sister
may frequently trespass upon the
rights of another, from thoughtless-
ness. For instance, if one is very
fond of reading, and desires to give
the greater part of her leisure time to
it, another may keep interrupting her
by conversation, or by appeals for
help in some lesson or work, that
might better be dispensed with under
the circumstances. This alone often
leads to unkind thoughts and un-
pleasant words.

Sisters should help each other to
spend and enjoy their well-earned
leisure as each wishes, always pro-
vided that this will be in a correct
manner. A little more practice of the
golden rule from each will often
change turmoil and hard, reproachful
feelings, into peace and good-will.

Sisters should be scrupulously re-
gard the rights of each other to prop-
erty and time as they would those of
a guest staying in the house; never
helping themselves without leave to
the working materials, writing imple-
ments, drawing apparatus, books, or
clothing of each other. It is a mistake
to suppose that the nearness of rela-
tionship makes such things allowable;
the more intimate our connection with
any one the more necessary it is to
guard ourselves against taking un-
warrantable liberties. For the very
reason that you are obliged to be so
much together, you should take care
to do nothing disagreeable to each
other.

Genuine politeness should exist be-
tween sisters, even as it should be-
tween strangers. Never receive any
little attention without expressing
thanks for it; never ask a favor except
in courteous terms; never reply in a
monosyllable to a question, and your
sisters will soon be ashamed to do
such things to you. If you wish to be
a true gentleman, you must be as
habitually polite in the privacy of
your own home as you are when
abroad. Endeavor to give your sis-
ters a good precept and a good exam-
ple; do unto them, at all times, as
you would wish them to do unto you,
and bestow more real thought upon
these matters than you have been ac-
customed to do; in this way sisterly
love cannot fail to continue, and
sweeten all your lives.—Mrs. S. H.
Snider, in Housekeeper.

Food Wasted in American Hotels.

The thing which, perhaps, strikes
most disagreeably in the American
hotel dining-rooms, says a Frenchman
in the North American Review, is the
sight of the tremendous waste that
goes on at every meal. No European,
I suppose, can fail to be struck with
this; but to a Frenchman it would
naturally be most remarkable. In
France, where I venture to say, peo-
ple live as well as anywhere else, if
not better, there is a perfect horror
of anything like waste of good food.
It is to me, therefore, a repulsive
thing to see the wanton manner in
which some Americans will waste at
one meal enough to feed several
hungry fellow-creatures. In the large
hotels conducted on the American
plan there are rarely fewer than fifty
different dishes on the menu at dinner-
time. Every day and at every
meal you may see the people order
three or four times as much of this
food as they could under any circum-
stances eat, and, plucking at and spoiling
one dish after another, send the
bulk away uneaten. I am bound to
say that this practice is not only ob-
served in hotels where the charge is
so much a day, but in those conducted
on the European plan—that is to say,
where you pay for everything you
order. There I notice that people
proceed in much the same wasteful
fashion. It is evidently not a desire
to have more than is paid for, but
simply a bad and ugly habit. I hold
that about five hundred hungry people
could be fed out of the waste that is
going on at some large hotels.

Edison's Pretty Wife.

Mrs. Edison is quite a fine musician,
and she and her step-children con-
stantly practice together, says Alice
Langdon, in a sketch of Mrs. Thomas
A. Edison, in the Ladies' Home Jour-
nal. Her home life is a very simple
and quiet one. Mrs. Edison has her
housekeeping—to which she gives her
personal supervision—her music, and
her social duties, as well as her in-
tercourse with her husband and children
to occupy her time. Her connection
with her husband's work is shown by the
close manner in which she follows his
inventions, step by step, and in the
interest with which she appreciates
their discovery, improvements and
completion. In appearance she is
very youthful and charming. Her
complexion is olive, her mouth firm,
teeth good, and eyes a shade darker
than the hair, which is brown, abun-
dant and wavy, and is worn parted
over her forehead in a peculiarly be-
coming way. She dresses handsomely
and well, and looks what she is—
the simple, quiet wife of a successful
man.

A Nice Imagination.

Miss Ophelia—"What queer
weather we are having this winter."
Gongolain—"Yes, but if you remem-
ber, Miss Ophelia, the winter of 1859
was very much like it."
Miss Ophelia (who is "just twenty")
—Sigh!

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Fashion Notes.

Cloth is favorite material for chil-
dren's dresses.

Dresses of plain cloth are trimmed
with braid, a little passementerie, em-
brodured galeon, or embroidered
cloth.

Coats for young children are some-
times made of bright-red cloth, with
a scattered pattern in beige.

Velvet ribbons will be used for
trimming summer dresses, and the
newest fancy is for those of uncut vel-
vet, ribbed across, with straight cord
edges.

The Pierrot collar, or ruche of
black net or lace, will continue in
vogue with light dresses for the spring
and summer.

Gauze ribbons, imported for sashes
and for bonnet trimmings, are plaided
half their width in Scotch or Roman
colors, with the other half of plain
white, pale blue, cream, yellow or
rose color.

Black velvet ribbons will be used on
very light chamber and lawn gowns
as bolos, bretelles, shoulder knots,
around the neck and waists, and hang-
ing in chateaux ends down the right
side of the skirt.

Thin materials, like China crepe
and gauze, are used as sleeves in gowns
of heavier fabrics, such as plain and
brocaded silks, satins, and so forth.

Coral ornaments have returned to
favor, especially coral bands, while
amber, silver, and gold beads are quite
as popular as ever.

Fringes, girdles, tulle showered
with jeweled tassels, are the expan-
sive materials which the famous
French modistes are now using. Pale
pink tulle is shaded with little loops
to each of which is fastened a coral
bead, while black tulle is showered
with gold, silver, or turquois, and
white tulle is spotted with pearls.—
N. Y. Weekly.

Chicken Salad.

Since the holiday season with tur-
key has past, and spring chickens are
still in the shell, perhaps it is a good
time to present you with a receipt for
chicken salad; not a new one; Oh, no,
but only a reminder to those who pre-
fer to consume a fat hen in this shape,
and desire a little variety in domestic
fare.

To one large hen, boiled and
chopped fine, add half a dozen hard-
boiled eggs; one-fourth of a pound of
butter; season with mustard, vinegar,
pepper and salt to taste—and celery
if you have it.

Melt the butter and cream it with
the yolks of the eggs, add the season-
ing, and the whites of the eggs
chopped fine. Mix thoroughly with
the chicken—already cut in small
pieces. Some use sealers to cut up
the chicken meat, as they do it easier
than with a knife.—Southern Farm.

Knows All About Women.

You can tell pretty well how a girl
feels toward you by the way she takes
your arm. If she doesn't care a cent,
you know it by the indifference of her
muscles. If she has a great confi-
dence in you the pressure tells it; and
friendship is as distinct from love in
that mode of expression as in words
or looks. A woman can take the arm
of a fellow she likes very much with
perfect comfort, even if she is six feet
high and he is four. But even if the
two are just matched, she can make
him feel disdain, contempt, discom-
fort, dislike, anything she likes, by
the way she does not hold on to him.
—Phil. Record.

The Third Party.

"Do you believe in starting a third
party?" asked old Mr. Dimmick of
his daughter's beau, as all three sat
in the parlor.

"Well," replied the young man,
who had not called to discuss politics,
"I wouldn't have thought of asking
you to retire; but since you mention
it, Mr. Dimmick, I will say that it is
the general belief that two are com-
pany."—Harper's Bazar.

A Wife's Right.

The constitution of North Dakota
provides that the property of the wife,
acquired before or after marriage,
cannot be taken for the debts of the
husband. Kansas some time ago de-
cided that a wife could recover judg-
ment on a bona fide note given her by
her husband; and the supreme court
of Indiana has recently made a similar
decision.—Ladies' Home Companion.

Feminine Intuition.

Mr. De Blank (10 P. M.)—"If you
don't want Clara to see that thing you
are making for her, you'd better put
it out of sight, for she'll be up pretty
soon. I hear her in the front hall."
Mrs. De Blank—"She won't be up
for an hour at least. She's bidding
good-night to Mr. Nicofello."—N. Y.
Weekly.

Then They Didn't Speak.

Bertha—"Harry has proposed to
me and I have accepted him."
Maud—"Indeed! He meant what
he said then."
Bertha—"Meant what?"
Maud—"He proposed to me yester-
day, and when I refused him he said
he would do something desperate."

Forgetfulness.

Young Wife (complainingly)—
"You haven't brought me a box of
candy since we were married."
Young Husband—"That's queer.
Come to think, you haven't remarked
that you so enjoyed the smoke of a
good cigar, since we were married."
Good News.

Ambition.

Fond Mother—"My son, with your
advantages you should rise far above
your fellows. Why should not you
hope one day to go to Congress?"
Ambitious Son—"That's what I'm
aiming for, mother. I am already
taking boxing lessons."—Good News.

THE OMNIBUS.

Professor—"Which tooth com-
est last?" Pup—"The false ones, sir."

A woman never feels sure that a
man is really loose until she knows
that he is tight.

Every person on earth must have
some sort of a pet, even if it is noth-
ing better than himself.

This hen isn't popular outside her
owner's premises, but she makes quite
a spread in her own set.

"What a frightfully decollete ani-
mal!" exclaimed Miss Buddington, as
she looked at the giraffe.

He (after the ceremony)—"So,
darling, we are at last wedded for
life!" She—"Oh, not necessarily."

On a moist, muggy, misty morning
it stands a fashionable young lady in
hand to "Trust in God and keep her
powder dry."

"Your number," said the warden to
the prisoner, "is 406." "That's grati-
fying," said the unfortunate; "I'm in
the 400 at last."

Teacher—"You say there are six
senses? Why, I have only five." Schol-
ar—"I know it, sir. The sixth
one is common sense."

Artillery Lieutenant (in the way of
a compliment)—"Ah, my dear young
lady, but your looks, your glances, go
right home. Every one's a bull's-eye."

Watts—"Wonder why they always
call a locomotive 'she'?" Potts—"May-
be it is on account of the horrible
noise it makes when it tries to whistle."

"I love to sit before a blazing fire
and watch the figures in the flame."
"Well," said Isaac, "other pleasure
op dot depends largely on their in-
surance."

Widow Casey—"Ah, Mr. Dolan,
when my old man died it left a big
hole in my heart." Mr. Dolan—"Mrs.
Casey, would ye mind patchin' it wid
a bit out of mine?"

Do For—"I feel like a new man this
morning." Walto (anxiously)—"Ah! Do
you feel anything like the kind of a
man that would be apt to pay a debt
of \$5?" He paid it.

Small Boy—"Ma, do clergymen ever
strike?" Mother—"They do, my son.
When they are offered another place
with a larger salary they immediately
strike out for that place."

Wooden—"Do you see that old swell
over there? His face looks a hundred
and his hair is as black as charcoal;
he certainly must dye." Edgely—
"Ah, well; so must we all."

Professor (a little distracted)—"I'm
very glad to see you. How's your
wife?" "I regret it, professor, but
I'm not married." "Ah, yes; then, of
course, your wife's still single?"

Advertiser—"Mr. Journeyn, I'd like
to have you write me a little ode on
my baking powder. I want it right up
to the prevailing style." Mr. J.—"I
understand you want it alum-ode."

Eva—"What is this thing called
hypnotism?" Jeff—"A certain power
possessed by some people of making
others go to sleep." Eva—"Then I've
got an antidote for it. Our new baby."

"I am perfectly delighted with my
dwelling at present. I have a dining
room, a reception room, a working
room, a smoking room and a sleeping
room, and just think how convenient
—all in one."

"Are Mr. and Mrs. Green at home?"
was asked of the little girl who
answered the bell. "Yes." "Are
they engaged?" The small girl looked
horrified as she answered: "Why,
they are married."

Cuffy—"Why, how did yer git inter
the circus?" Duffy—"Why yer see I
was a lookin' under the canvas 'n a
big showman cum along 'nd kicked
me clear in." Cuffy—"You're allers a
lucky cuss, Duffy."

"Smatterin' thinks that he is one of
the people who are born before the
world's civilization is ready for
them." "Humph," was the rejoinder;
"come to think of it, he does strike
me as a trifle previous."

Mrs. Graball—"I wish there was a
law giving all a man's property to his
wife." Mr. Graball—"You ought to
live in Germany; there most every-
thing is Herr's." Mrs. Graball—"Well,
I only wish I did live there."

Baldwin—"Rambo you are looking
very rocky. Go and take a Turkish
bath. It will do you good. I have
just had one." Rambo—(steading
himself with a great effort)—"Glad
to hear it, my steamed fr-iend."

Simpson—"Whatever induced your
uncle to marry the widow of a man
who was hung?" Simpson—"He has
been married to widows before, and
says he was tired of having the virtues
of a former husband hung in his face."

"Clara," said her father, "didn't I
tell you some time ago not to have
young Dudley coming here seven
nights a week?" "Yes; and he doesn't
come seven nights a week any longer.
Last week he was here only six nights
and two afternoons."

Lady Lecturer on Woman's Rights
(waxing warm)—"Where would man
be if it had not been for woman?"
(After a pause, and looking around
the hall). "I repeat, where would
man be if it had not been for woman?"
Voice from the gallery—"In Paradise,
ma'am."

Thatriel Item.

"I see Miss Fluvv has taken to fire
stags. What part does the young
amprant assume?" Frenchman (with
limited English vocabulary): "What
does ze mean?" "I mean, what part
does she take off?" "She takes off
every thing; she is ze balloo."

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THE CUIRASSIER.



But in spite of the stinging slaps on the saucy wind the boulevards were full of people—two crowds one of which moved by the force of business necessity; the other more slowly, impelled only by curiosity, but both meeting and passing in constant succession.

At the corner of a street and the boulevard was stationed a little boy scarcely ten years old. His brown, thick, uncombed hair fell in locks almost to his eyebrows, or stood out like bristles from his temples. His jacket, vest and pantaloons were ill fitting and remade from old-worn, corduroy which had changed from a yellowish brown to a dirty gray hue. They were entirely too large for him, but then (it was reasoned) he would grow inevitably, whether economy made this desirable or not. His face and hands showed the spots of mud which were spattered on him a short time before by a luxurious carriage that, in passing almost touched his three feet of corner territory. He had small, bright, gentle blue eyes, and was named Charles Froer.

His father, who was a street vendor of toys, had placed him there some days before to sell something he had lately invented. It was a wooden cuirassier of brave bearing, mounted on a spirited steed. When a certain spring was touched the horse would prance off on quick moving wheels, and the soldier would brandish heroically his formidable saber, raising and then falling, to pierce some invisible breast, or to mow off the heads of some imaginary hosts of the invading enemy. During this invading attack the cuirassier would roll his eyes ferociously and his savage mustache would bristle with fury. What more alluring and entrancing toy could be offered to a boy with a drop of French bravery in his young heart? The father sold many of them in walking the neighboring streets near the wonderful church of the Madeleine. But he chose to have his son remain at the street corner, having suspended from his neck a frame in which a company of the cuirassiers were in line in the full splendor of paint and gilding.

Every morning he received twenty of them, and each one sold for 20 sous. Thus every evening, in mounting to his home in Aencia street—the sixth story of the house—he must show 20 sous for each missing cuirassier. Now he shivered in the misty air; his cheeks, nose and ears were purple and his little chapped hands were buried to the elbows in his pantaloons pockets. In a feeble thin and melancholy voice he cried:

"The cuirassier, the fine, brave cuirassier, for 20 sous!" But the indifferent crowd passed on, leaving him to repeat his offers as regularly as he had heard his father do.

This good man, a father by trade, but now out of his proper work turned to his business to keep out of idleness, that he might the better feed his motherless children. He naturally sold many more of the toys, because in his good-natured way he added to these attractions by his sparkling Parisian jokes, they compelling attention and inducing the listeners to buy. The little boy could not do this; indeed was rather and while crying. "The cuirassiers, brave cuirassiers, 20 sous!" Tears were in his eyes, but not because of the cold; he was accustomed to that. Nor was he ill or hungry; on the contrary he was strong and his father gave him plenty to eat.

Why, then, was he shedding tears, and why did he regard with an air of disturbance, a most of fear, the children of the wealthy who were tempted by the pretty toys to approach him?

And when he sold one and the 20 sous sank deep in his pocket, why did his eyes follow with a jealous and desolate expression the happy child who disappeared in the crowd triumphantly bearing away the gallant soldier? That day business had been excellent, only one toy remaining—one only, and nineteen pieces of silver jingling in his purse. Near him, almost touching him, came a little boy clinging to his mother's hand. Although of the same age he was much smaller than Charles and very thin, his face being emaciated and wan. It seemed hard for him to walk, for his right shoulder projected in a hump.

They had never spoken, but they knew each other very well, having often met. The deformed boy was named Gaston Lembelly, one which Charles thought almost too grand for so small a body. His mother was a rich widow, who lived in the first flat of the house in Aencia street, of which she was the owner.

forever—opened wider, and he reached his long, thin, waxy hand to grasp the wooden soldier and touch the spring. Immediately the horse gave a fierce bound, and the rider brandished his weapon as if mowing the heads and piercing the breasts of an invisible host.

"Oh, mamma, please buy him for me!"

"How much for your cuirassier, my child?" asked the mother.

"Twenty sous, madame."

"There is the money," and Gaston Lembelly walked off with his prize. The little wooden frame was now empty, but with contracted lips Charles bent his head. He tried hard not to weep, but it was too much for him, and his forehead almost touching his little shelf, his hands thrust into his pockets, he burst into a shower of tears and sobs.

Gaston Lembelly heard him and turned about, pulling his mother toward the vendor of toys.

"Why are you weeping?" he inquired, in a familiar and kindly manner, for children are fraternal with each other before they are spoiled by conventionalities. "Has some one hurt you?"

He sighed, but could not answer. The little invalid insisted.

"Come, now, tell me why you are weeping?"

Charles wiped his eyes with his sleeve, but his tears wetting the mud remaining on it from his former efforts, it left a gray scar on his forehead, extending from his eye to his left ear.

Between his sighs, in broken sentences, he tried to explain:

"I am—not—crying—how—how! No—one—has—hurt—me. No—I am—not—crying—only—my—cuirassiers—my—fine—cuirassiers!"

"Very well. Have you not been paid for them?"

"Yes, but I love them so much. They are so handsome, when I have them all before me. I look at them with so much pleasure! But I dare not touch them because papa has forbidden it. Then when they are all gone I weep, for I would like so much to have one all to myself!"

"And have you not asked your father for one?"

"Yes, but papa is poor and cannot afford it. He needs all the money for us."

"The little invalid looked at him with gentle but astonished eyes."

"Then one would make you very happy?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, indeed!" sobbed Charles, with a new flow of tears.

Then Gaston reached him his toy. "Here, take mine! I give it to you, and you can keep the 20 sous, too!"

Charles Froer feared he did not hear aright—dared not believe his ears. Nevertheless he half reached out his hands with curled fingers, wide open, sparkling eyes, half smiling, while hesitating to believe in his happiness.

"May I not give it to him, mamma? Are you not willing?"

"Surely, my darling," said the mother in deep emotion, putting her hand in her pocket, but suddenly withdrawing it she murmured:

"Perhaps his self-denial will win him more of heaven," and she disappeared in the crowd with her physically deformed but noble-minded child.

Charles Froer returned to Aencia street. His account was correct. For his twenty cuirassiers he returned twenty francs.

He hid his toy in his pocket. In the evening he played with it; in the morning also before starting out. He even took it with him to the boulevard, fearing if he had it at home that his father might find it and make him resell it.

This continued through all the cold month of December, but the little street-vender was now merry, and his voice, though still feeble, was no longer sad when he cried:

"The cuirassiers, fine cuirassiers for twenty sous!"

Two months passed in which Charles had not seen the little invalid, but the gift was a daily joy and reminder of the giver.

One evening he heard his father say:

"Gaston Lembelly, the son of our housekeeper, is very ill."

Charles felt a sharp pain in his heart, and large tears filled his eyes. Two days after his father again said:

"Gaston Lembelly, the son of the proprietor, is dead."

Charles shut himself into the closet where he slept. In bed he drew the sheet over his head and wept, hardly knowing why. He dozed, but continued to weep in his dreams.

Two days more he saw the large door of the house hung with black drapery, bearing in silver the initials "G. L."

On a table at the entrance, beneath the wreaths of flowers, and lighted by wax candles, was the little casket, not larger than would have been required for a child of 5 years. When it passed out under the hangings many friends followed it. But far behind the procession, more unkempt than usual, his hands still deep in the pockets of his corduroys, Charles Froer followed. The sky was covered with a pall of dark gray, and at times flakes of half-melted snow were beaten by strong gusts of wind into the faces and eyes.

Truly living in such a time was not cheerful; it was a happy thing for little Gaston to go away to a country where the children of the rich who had been good to those of the poor here below would meet and play and love each other and never know cold or want.

Charles did not dare enter the church, but lingering in the vicinity until he could join the procession in

its slow movement toward the cemetery of Montmartre. He kept far away from every one while the remains of his little benefactor were being hid away forever. He felt almost ashamed to be there, as if it were a bad action, not having been invited by any one. And he trembled for the safety of his company of cuirassiers which he dared to leave in charge of a friendly comrade, unknown to his father, that he might follow, even afar in the mourners' line weeping for his little friend. He also avoided the keepers, fearing they might chase him away.

Men, women and the little children, friends of the dead boy, passed back through the gate and Gaston was left forever under the cold of the wet earth. It was then that Charles timidly approached looking behind him to see if he was watched. No, he was entirely alone. With care and tenderness he drew from his pocket the wooden cuirassier.

"His mother did not buy him another, and there won't be any up there, he softly whispered to himself."

He considered the toy a minute, touched the spring, and for the last time the steed galloped, the sabre cut and pierced and put in flight the terrible but invisible enemy.

Then he kissed the brave man on each cheek, pressed him on his breast, kissed him again and gently placed beneath the lovely and odorous wreaths—a fitting grave for hero and steed. In leaving the cemetery he continued to turn and throw kisses until the new made grave had faded from his sight.

A Thrilling Ride.

James DeBoe, a lineman employed by the Great Northern Railway Company, accomplished a feat one night which, while it was to a great extent involuntary, is no less remarkable. DeBoe is furnished by the company with one of those tri-cycles so constructed as to run on the regular railway tracks. The machine works with a hand lever, and a speed of ten miles or more an hour is quite commonly attained. DeBoe told a St. Paul Globe reporter that he had accomplished the extraordinary feat of keeping up with a short line train running thirty miles an hour for a distance of over two miles. He wouldn't do it again, he says, for \$10,000.

He was walking in the yards for the 7:30 train to Minneapolis to pass him. The train passed all right and stopped for a few seconds with the tail coach close to where DeBoe stood with his machine. That gentleman conceived a brilliant idea. He would take a turn with a section of No. 6 wire on one of the coach buffers make the other end fast to his wheel and save labor. The connection was made in such a way that he calculated he could release himself by cutting the wire when the speed got too high. He chuckled when the train started up to think what a snap he was going to have in getting to Como. The train was a fraction of a minute late, though, and the speed ran up to twenty miles in no time. DeBoe saw with alarm that the little wheel on the other track was jumping a foot clear off the rail every few seconds. He determined to cut the wire, and reached round behind for his pliers.

They were gone. The unusual motion had jerked them out of the tool box. The speed was up to twenty-five miles now, and the tri-cycle was spinning along on two wheels, with the beam carrying the third fanning the air like a kite-tail.

DeBoe was working hard to unwind the connection with his fingers when there was a gigantic plunge. A telegraph lineman shot through the air like a meteor, and landed in a pile of sand beside the track. A railroad tri-cycle kept going and lit thirty feet further on, a badly wrecked vehicle. The concern had run off the track.

That DeBoe was not killed is a miracle.

Carrying Lime in Ships.

A cargo of lime is a dangerous one. When fire as it frequently does, catches in spite of the greatest precautions against the admission of any water into the hold, it is almost impossible to extinguish it. The only method that ever avails is to stop up every crack in the vessel with soap so that no air can reach the lime. Sometimes this stops the fire. They have been known to burn for several months. When a vessel's cargo is thus afire it is tantamount to go inside of her. Some time ago the lime in a schooner off Monhegan caught afire, and she was sealed up as tight as possible. The captain and his two sons were the crew. One day the latter went to sleep on the deck, and their father imprudently entered the cabin, shutting the door after him. He sank down lifeless on the stairs. The boys awoke, missed their father, and supposing he had fallen overboard, sailed the schooner home, unconscious that they were bearing his dead body home with them.

This excluding the air from a vessel to stop the fire suggests the method employed to free a vessel from rats. A fire is built in the cabin, and also in the hold, from some inflammable material. Then all air is excluded, and as the fires use up the oxygen, drawing it from the remote parts of the hold, the rats leave their holes and follow the precious life-giving gas to the fires which greedily devour it for their own exaltation and when they go out the poor rats are found dead around the stoves.—Portland Argus.

A Railway Round the Globe.

At a recent meeting of the International Railroad Congress in Brussels, Mr. Weissenbruch, engineer to the Belgian ministry of Railroads, expressed the belief that before many years it would be possible to make a trip around the world in twenty-three days. To accomplish this feat a railroad would be built connecting New York with Paris. This scheme seems very visionary, but it is sufficient that it was broached in a scientific convention by an engineer of distinction, and in these days it is hardly worth while to laugh at railroad schemes, however visionary they may seem. The proposed line would skirt our Alaskan coast where the Arctic climate is modified by influences from the Pacific. At Cook's Inlet it would strike straight across that southwestern prolongation of Alaska which ends in the Aleutian chain. Behring strait, shallow and narrow, with a large island midway in the channel, would, according to Mr. Weissenbruch, offer no serious obstacle to bridge building. After crossing the strait, the line would run southwest through Kamchatka to connect with the Siberian line.

Of course, the possibilities of this glittering project are enormous. Before a great many years a railroad will probably connect Buenos Ayres with North America. When that great enterprise is carried out, and the proposed railway connection between the new and the old worlds becomes an accomplished fact, it will be possible for a passenger to board a palace car in the capital of the Argentine Republic and remain in his luxurious traveling quarters until he lands in the depot at Paris. Another scheme is the extension of a railroad to the coast of Labrador, whence England can be reached by steamer in four days. This shortening of the ocean route is included in the calculation of the Belgian engineer for a round-the-world trip in twenty-three days.

The Left Leg.

There is a popular idea that because the right arm is more often used and is stronger than the left, so the right leg is stronger than the left. This is not correct; there is evidence that the left leg is most people stronger than the right. From the theoretical point of view it would appear that in all manual labor requiring increased use of the right hand, the left leg is also employed on the principle of equilibrium. In the case of the lower animals (except ambulators, camels, etc.) and babies when walking on all fours, the right fore limb moves with the right hind limb and vice versa. It follows from this that man using the right arm more than the left would probably use the left leg more than the right.

Many people find less exertion in walking around large circles to the right than to the left. This is also the case in race paths for athletic sports, nearly all of which are arranged for the racers to go in circles to the right in running. Again, travelers have observed that hunters, when lost on prairies, wander around in circles to the right. This fact has been attributed to their following the course of the sun, but this does not appear to be necessarily the case. Many skaters can perform more figures on the left than on the right foot—or, at any rate, in commencing, figures are more readily done on the left foot. With rope dancers it is usually observed that the more complicated feats of balancing are on the left foot.—From the Nineteenth Century.

Wealth of Franco.

New York Herald.

Franco has been doing a giant's work since 1870. After the Sedan disaster she started in to pay a war indemnity to Germany that would have made most nations tremble. She shook her tawny mane and millions dropped out. Then she pocketed a loss of hundreds of millions more in the Panama ditch enterprise, shrugged her shoulders, to be sure, fretted and fumed a good deal, but soon fell back into her usual good nature with plenty left for a rainy day. And now, when England is in financial straits, she picks up still another pile of millions and sends them across the channel to save her old time enemy from panic.

Who He Had in His "Goon Bag."

The subject reminds the listener of a true story. Not long ago Mr. Alpheus More-Gage, a chamber lawyer of great ability but small practice, and even smaller stature, was traveling homeward with a well-stuffed green bag under his arm, when a brother of the law overhauled him.

"Hello!" said the brother, "I congratulate you, More-Gage, on your evident prosperity."

"What makes you think I'm prosperous?" asked the little lawyer.

"Why, your bag has such a plethoric and fee-like look that I couldn't infer anything else."

"Sh!" said More-Gage, drawing the other nearer. "I'll tell you what I've got in my bag if you won't tell a soul; it's a codfish, and a pair of rubber boots for the boy!"—Boston Transcript.

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AN HOUR'S PLEASANT CHAT WITH THE RISING GENERATION.

The Reason Why—Teach Boys to Cook—Need of Economy—Love in the Home—Etc., Etc.

"When I was at the party," said Betty (aged just four), "A little girl fell off her chair, right down upon the floor; and all the other little girls, began to laugh but me—I didn't laugh a single bit," said Betty, seriously.

"Why not?" her mother asked her. "Full of delight to find that Betty—bless her little heart!—had been so sweetly kind. 'Why didn't you laugh, darling?' 'Or don't you like to tell?' 'I didn't laugh,' said Betty. 'Cause it was me that fell!'"

—St. Nicholas.

Teach Boys to Cook.

The new education demands a chance for girls to become familiar with the use of tools as well as handy with the rolling pin. It ought also to insist that a boy shall be able to recognize a flour-sifter when he sees one. When he becomes a man, and his wife, if he is so fortunate as to have one, is sick, and there occurs one of the not infrequent interludes between the departure of one hired girl and the arrival of another, if such help is kept in the family, he ought not to be the helpless individual that he usually is when he attempts to prepare a supper or breakfast. There are many circumstances, other than sickness, which may place such work upon the future head of the family, both in the economy of home life and in the matter of pleasure. He may be camping out in his vacation, and so need some knowledge of the culinary art. Once a United States Senator was camping in the Maine woods, and being fond of boiled rice attempted to prepare some. He placed in the kettle as great a bulk of the dry rice as he thought he should need, not dreaming that this article has a tendency to swell. Soon every dish in camp was running over with boiled rice.

Boys who have to work their way through school and college are often compelled, of necessity, to board themselves. The value of some previous home instruction in preparing food then becomes apparent. The underdone potatoes, burnt steak, and sour, fallen bread that such students have often caused to eat would surely make a big mountain of indigestion. Such a state of things is the more to be deplored because active brain work requires that the body be nourished by good and properly cooked food. It is foolish to think that a knowledge of the way to prepare food for the table is unmanly. If so, it is also unmanly to eat it. One of our most noted public men is said to be an expert cook, and to prepare every dish with his own hands, or at least under his own supervision, when he gives a dinner to his friends. It is often urged nowadays that we "send the whole boy to school"—that we give him a training in most of the things that pertain to his every-day life; so that, for instance, he can go forth into life able to saw off an inch board without either hurting himself or breaking the saw. Among his other practical attainments the ability to do plain cooking will be found to be a serviceable accomplishment.—Am. Agriculturist.

Have You a Mother?

Have you a mother? If so, honor and love her. If she is aged, do all in your power to cheer her declining years. Her hair may have bleached, her eyes may have dimmed, her brow may contain deep and unsightly furrows, her cheeks may be sunken; but you should never forget the holy love and tender care she has had for you. In years gone by she has kissed away from your cheek the troubled tears; she has soothed and petted you when all else appeared against you; she has watched over and nursed you with a tender care known only to a mother; she has sympathized with you in adversity; she has been proud of your success. You may be despised by all around you, but that loving mother stands as an apologist for all your shortcomings. With all that disinterested affection, would it not be ingratitude to you, if in her declining years you failed to reciprocate her love and honor her as your best friend? We have no respect for a man or woman who neglects an aged mother. If you have a mother, love her, and do all in your power to make her happy.—Banner of Light.

Beat Shooting in Tibet.

As I drew near I saw a large bear standing in the river feeding on the carcass of a yak, says W. W. Rockhill in the Century. Taking a gun from one of my men I fired at it, breaking its shoulder. When my men saw what I had shot at they turned and beat a hasty retreat, shouting to me to run, that the "wild man" might not devour me. Another shot, better aimed, put an end to the bear, but not to the fright of my Mongols, who even then would not approach. Our failure to skin my prize nearly broke my Tibetan servant's heart, for by it he lost his chance to secure the gull, a much valued medicine in China, and worth eight or ten ounces of silver in any drug shop. Mongols and Tibetans attack a bear only when they are in a strong, well-armed party. My having killed one of these dreaded monsters alone seemed a feat of great daring, and the story was told to every Tibetan we met afterward as proof positive of my dauntless courage.

Need of Economy.

One of the hardest lessons in life for young people to learn is to practice economy. It is a harder duty for a young man to accumulate and save his first \$1,000 than his next \$10,000. A man can be economical without being mean, and it is one of his most solemn duties to lay up sufficient in his days of strength and prosperity to provide for himself and those who are or may be dependent upon him in days of sickness or misfortune. Extravagance is one of the greatest evils of the present age. It is undermining and overturning the loftiest and best principles that should be retained and held sacred in society. It is annually sending thousands of young men and young women to ruin and misfortune. Cultivate, then, sober and industrious habits; acquire the art of putting a little aside every day and for your future necessities; avoid all unnecessary and foolish expenditures. Spend your time only in such a manner as shall bring you profit and enjoyment, and your money for such things as you actually need for your comfort and happiness, and you will prosper in your lives, your business, and will win and retain the respect and honor of all worthy and substantial people.—Southern Farmer.

Thank the Children.

They run on our errands, upstairs for our books or slippers, our thimbles, our new magazines; downstairs to tell the servants this thing or that; over the way to carry our messages; to the post office with our letters and parcels.

They leave their play or their work a dozen times in a morning, to do something to oblige us who are grown-up, bigger, stronger, and apt to be less absorbingly occupied than they.

No game of politics, or business in later life, will ever be so important to the man as ball and top to the little lad; and no future enjoyment of the little girl will ever be greater in degree and in kind than her present interest in her dolls and her play-house; yet Johnnie and Jennie fly at our bidding; arresting themselves in mid-career of the play which is their present work, and alas! half the time we quite overlook our own obligation to be grateful.

We do not say "I thank you!" And because we do not say it, we make it difficult for our children to be as polite, as simply courteous, as otherwise they would be by nature, and the imitation which is second nature to all children.—The Household.

More Pluck in the Tiger.

"One time, in order to test the courage of a Bengal tiger and a lion," said a well-known showman, "we placed a shooting cracker in the respective cages and fired the fuses. As soon as the fuses began to burn they attracted the attention of both animals, but in a widely different manner. The lion drew into a corner and watched the proceedings with a distrustful and uneasy eye. The tiger on the contrary, advanced to the burning fuse with a firm step and unflinching gaze. On reaching the cracker he took his paw and began to roll it over the floor, and when it exploded beneath his very nose he did not flinch but continued his examination until perfectly satisfied. The lion betrayed great fear when he heard the report of the explosion and for quite a time could not be coaxed out of his den."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

An Unusual Fish Found.

An artesian well was some years ago sunk on the beach at San Buen Ventura, Cal., five feet from high-water mark. At a depth of about 143 feet a strong flow of water was obtained, spouting 30 feet above the ground. Some fish were observed in the water, and an examination of the well revealed the fact that it was filled with young trout. They were perfectly developed, eyes and all, and measured about two inches in length. Thousands of them were thrown out by each jet. The temperature of the water is about 64 degrees Fahrenheit. It is believed that the fish may have come from the head waters of the Santa Clara river by some subterranean outlet; that stream itself is several miles distant from the well.—Farmers' Review.

Great Men as Boys.

Every one knows how, when Sir Walter Scott was a boy, the future novelist was lost during a thunderstorm, and found by the alarmed searchers, lying on his back on the hill-side, looking at the lightning, clapping his hands at each flash and exclaiming: "Bonnie! Bonnie!" But a story of the same kind, with Schiller, the German poet, as the hero, is not so well known. One day, while a very small boy, a severe thunderstorm came on; the boy was mislaid and could nowhere be found. The whole household searched for him; but it was not until the storm was past that he was again descending from the top of a high limestone near the house. To the inquiries of his father as to his motives, he replied: "I only wished to see where all the fire came from."—N. Y. Ledger.

For Twins, \$79,000.

It seems to be the impression of many people that the mail, when sent from an office is gathered carelessly together and thrown into a mail bag, which is then looked and despatched. This is wholly wrong, for even in the smallest offices the letters and cards are all gathered face upward and tied into neat packages. The Government furnishes the twine to do this, and some idea of the immensity of the postal service can be formed from the fact that in one year the cost to the Government of the twine for this purpose (which though strong, is of the cheapest quality) was nearly seventy-two thousand dollars.—Max Bonnett, in St. Nicholas.

LINCOLN WOULD FIGHT.

THE STORY OF HIS ONLY DUEL RETOLD.

He Was Challenged by Gen. Shields and Preferred to Accept Rather than Show that Somebody Else Was the Offending Party.

Speaking of Abraham Lincoln, says a Chicago Herald writer, it is wonderful how many new stories are told of him from day to day. The supply seems inexhaustible and I heard several new ones last night from Judge Solomon, an Iowa lawyer, who was brought in close association with the Lincoln family through his wife, who was brought up with Mary Todd, the wife of Abraham Lincoln. Judge Solomon's stories are either personal experiences or they come from the traditions of the Lincoln and Todd families. His story of Abe Lincoln's duel is different from any that have ever been published and as his authority is Colonel John J. Hardin, who was one of the seconds, it is perhaps the most authentic account of the affair. Said Judge Solomon:

"The duel was between General James Shields, a prominent Illinois politician, and Abe Lincoln. A number of articles had appeared in the newspapers, signed 'Rebecca,' which had been written at Shields and had made him the laughing stock of the town. Shields had suspected that these letters had been written by Lincoln, but he had no proof of the fact. At last one night he was at a dance and, in walking with one of the sweet girls of the town, he squeezed her hand, as she thought, a little too ardently, and she rewarded him by sticking a pin into him and leaving him on the floor. Others of the party saw the act and Shields became the laughing stock of the assemblage. The next issue of the paper contained a very laughable poem describing this incident and ridiculing Shields. Shields was sure that the writer of the poem was Lincoln, and he swore to be revenged. He called upon Lincoln at his office the next morning with the paper in his hand, and asked in a domineering tone, as he pointed to the lines: 'Did you write that?' Lincoln was a very brave man, and he looked Shields in the eye with a smile and finally said: 'I shan't tell you whether I wrote it or not.'

"Thereupon Shields angrily left, saying, 'You shall hear from me,' and that afternoon a man appeared as Shields' second, bearing a challenge from Shields to Lincoln. Lincoln accepted the challenge, and chose broadswords as weapons, a point near Alton as the place, and Thursday evening at 5 o'clock as the time. On the day set for the duel Abraham started out alone for the field, but called on the way at the house of John J. Hardin and asked if the colonel was in. He was told he was not, whereupon he said: 'Well, tell him I'm going over here to fight a duel with Shields and that I want him to come along and be my second.'

"A few minutes later Colonel Hardin arrived and his wife told him what Lincoln said. He took a fast horse and followed at the top of his speed, but did not arrive at the field until all the other parties were there. He has described to his friends how he found Lincoln at this time. He was sitting on a log at one end of the field with his shoes off and with his big broadsword lying on the ground before him. He had his stockings pulled down over his ankles and was evidently searching for something. As Colonel Hardin came up he said to him:

"What are you doing, Lincoln?" "Old Abe replied: 'I am going to kill this lion in the first place, and in the second place I am going to fight this duel with Shields.'

"What do you want to fight a duel with Shields for?" said he.

"Well, the fact is he has acted so mean about this letter that I can't help it."

"But did you write the letter?"

"No."

"Do you know who did write it?"

"No."

"Well, as I am your second I suppose I have the right to arrange the preliminaries for the duel?"

"Yes," was Lincoln's reply, "but I want you to understand that I came here to fight and that I do not care to make any kind of an apology."

"Upon this Colonel Hardin went over and talked to Shields' party, and in a short time showed them the silliness of fighting with a man who had done them no injury. The result was that the duel was patched up and that all parties rode back home together. Lincoln, with his long arms, would have had the advantage of Shields in this fight," continued Judge Solomon, "but according to Colonel Hardin it was Shields' intention to have made a quick thrust at Lincoln's heart the moment the signal was given and while Lincoln's eye was still on the signal. In this way he would probably have killed him before Lincoln would have had time to raise his sword."

Cure of Dyspepsia and Cancer.

A simple and novel treatment for the cure of dyspepsia and cancer of the stomach has lately been practiced by many prominent physicians. This consists in washing out the stomach. A long flexible pipe is passed down the throat until one end is in the stom-

ach. The upper end has a funnel attached, into which hot water is poured until the stomach is filled. The funnel end of the pipe is then turned down until it is lower than the bottom of the stomach, which is thus emptied as through a siphon. The hot water closes the blood vessels and reduces inflammation, and the relief is immediate.—Courier-Journal.

A DUMB ROOSTER.

He Is Unable to Offer a Note of Defiance or Exaltation.

A gentleman living on the outskirts of the city, near Black Rock, owns a curiosity the like of which Barnum never dreamed of, says the Buffalo Express. It is a deaf-and-dumb rooster—a full-grown, brilliantly plumed brown Leghorn chanticleer—that has lost his voice, can neither crow nor cluck, nor make any other audible sound with his vocal apparatus; does not wake up the neighborhood at 5 o'clock in the morning with an everlasting cock-a-doodle-doo; does not give an alarm of hawks every time a black cloud passes the sun, but is still as much the lord of the chicken park as ever.

He has not always been thus. Up to the time he was 8 months old he was as noisy as any young rooster need be. Then he got his head caught in a barbed-wire fence in such a way as to mangle his neck and probably tear out his vocal cords. Losing the power to make sounds, he evidently forgot how to hear them. At least now, at the age of 3 years, he gives no evidence of hearing. But he makes his eyes answer for ears and voice, too. If any one wanted proof that he was deaf and dumb, those eyes would be convincing. There is nothing he does not see. When the first glow of sunrise appears he begins the duties of the day by arousing all the rest of the fowls in the henry in his own original way. He walks around to each one and kicks it off its perch. There is no resisting such an invitation to get up. It's much more effective than crowing. When he gets a challenge to fight he does not stop and announce what he can do. He crows and does it. And his battles are all victories.

The most remarkable thing about this intelligent bird, however, is the fact that, though deaf, he can distinguish between an admonition to "shoo" and a request to come to dinner. How he does it is a mystery, but it is believed that he tells by the motion of the lips and general attitude of the person who addresses him.

A course of instruction in a deaf and dumb institute is all this rooster needs to learn to talk with his spurs.

Secret of Gen. Sherman's Vigor.

Gen. Sherman keeps up well considering his time of life, and is quite able to bear the hardships of the social campaigns in which he is perpetually employed. He was a septuagenarian in February last and he has served in the army for over half a century. Yet he is even more lively than he was when, in middle age, he marched through Georgia. His frame is unbent, his step is easy, his apprehension is quick and he appears to be always light-hearted. He is fond of attending public dinners and festivals, and there is hardly a night of any week, at this season of the year, when he has not to study which of his many invitations to social entertainments he shall accept. He is fond of public speaking and he is always ready to give a speech after dinner or on any occasion. He likes military company and business company and literary company. He is fond of children and plays with them sometimes. He says that he gives all his spare time to the reading of newspapers, by which he is kept thoroughly informed of the affairs of the world. He is temperate in his habits, he takes muscular exercise and he enjoys sound sleep when he does not stay up too late at night.

Something About Spectacles.

Spectacles were invented just 600 years ago. The use of glass to aid the sight of defective eyes is, however, much older. Nero looked through a concave glass in watching the gladiatorial games, and many other historical men of his day were dependent on similar devices for lengthening their sight. Till the latter part of the thirteenth century only the single glass was in use. In 1290 the double glass was invented, some say by Salvino degli Armati; others, by the monk, Alexander of Spina. In the fourteenth century spectacles were used quite frequently by the very wealthy and high born, although they were still so scarce that they were bequeathed in wills with all the elaborate care that marked the disposition of a feudal estate. The holy Antonius of Padua, who preached to the fishes when men refused to hear him, gave to the poor according to the legend, not only his clothes, but also his spectacles.

Detected.

"I like to have Mr. Benson call," said Mollie, "because he is so bright. He is one of those people who always leave a good taste in your mouth when they go away."

"I thought that was what Mr. Benson was trying to do," unexpectedly remarked Mollie's sister Nellie, "when I looked down over the banisters and saw you standing together in the hall just before he went away."—Somerville Journal.

INDIAN AND HEBREW.

A Comparison of Some Customs of the Two Races.

Early travelers among the Indians claim to have found rites and ceremonies strikingly similar to those of the Jews, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. George Catlin, the artist, who spent a considerable portion of his life among the tribes, said he believed they had Jewish blood in their veins, although he could not go so far as to identify them with the lost tribes of Israel. The Indians worshiped a Great Spirit or a Jehovah. Idolaters were never found on the North American continent. The tribes had their council or medicine houses, which they held most sacred. They had their high priests and their prophets. They followed the Hebrew custom in not allowing the women to worship with the men. Fifty years ago the Sioux exploited the same belief that they are dancing themselves crazy about now. They maintained that the Indians were the chosen people of the Great Spirit, and that in time they were to triumph over the rest of the world through a Messiah.

In marriage the Indians had customs which savored of Palestine. They gave presents for their wives. In their bathing and in their family relations they followed with remarkable precision many of the requirements of the Mosaic law. They observed certain laws of purification which the old testament touches. Fifty years ago travelers found no difficulty in discovering the practice of these rights and ceremonies by the Indians. But as the line of white settlement advanced the Indians gave up their old customs. Their forms were laughed at by white men and many of them were abandoned. The ghost dance, which the Sioux have been scaring the frontier with, is the old sun dance under a new name. It used to be practiced frequently as an atonement ceremony.

There was once an Indian feast which was very like the annual feast of the pass-over. Some of the tribes kept a fast with branches of willow and preliminary fasting, which bore striking resemblance to the Feast of Tabernacles. The practice of offering to the Great Spirit the first green corn, and the first fruits of all kinds, was almost universal among the Indians before they became contaminated with white men.

Dakota's Bad Lands.

The Bad Lands of Dakota are composed of white clay, which, by the action of rains, has been cut into hills. They are not high, seldom more than forty or fifty feet, but it is up one and down another the whole way. There are no water courses, the nearest approach being a gully forty feet deep, with a foot and a half of mud at the bottom. At every few yards you must stop, and, with spade and shovel, cut a path down the side of a hill in order to descend and then up the side of the one opposite in order to get up again. The mud is as sticky as tar, and in going a few yards the wheels of a wagon become solid round cakes, and all the mules you can hitch to it will not be able to pull it a foot farther. Then the spades are brought and the wheels cleared, the operation being repeated two or three times in a hundred yards. The extent of the Bad Lands in Dakota is probably a hundred miles from north to south by thirty to thirty miles wide.—Chicago Tribune.

The Finger Nails.

There is a common belief that the finger nails are poisonous; which idea is natural enough, considering the fact that scratches made by them are generally quite irritable and much inclined to unusual inflammation.

The reasoning is erroneous, however, for, as far as is known, the nails themselves do not have any poisonous properties. The trouble excited by them is due to the foreign deposits under them. In other words, if one keeps his finger nails clean, scratches caused by them will be no more irritable than those produced by any like instrument that is considered innocent.

The results of the examinations made in Vienna show that it is more important that the finger nails be kept clean than any would suppose. Seventy-eight were made, and there were found thirty kinds of micrococci, eighteen different bacilli and three kinds of sarcoma; besides, common mold spores were present in many instances.

Fancy Marriage Law.

"The hardest thing of its kind that we have heard of is the marriage law of New York. A New York paper lays it down thus: 'It is the law of this state that a valid marriage may be contracted by a man and a woman without the presence of minister, magistrate or witness; without any ceremony or formality other than their own agreement. No writing or record is essential; no publicity is required. Marriage and married life may be a secret.'—Boston Herald.

Chemistry of the Future. It is the belief of scientists, and among them Mr. Edison, that the future will witness the direct production of food from soil, water, and air. In fact, even at the present day some substances, such as madder, are produced by a direct chemical process.

WELL-KNOWN PEOPLE.

The John Boyle O'Reilly memorial fund has reached \$13,000 and is rapidly increasing.

Mrs. Putnam, sister to James Russell Lowell, is said to be the best linguist in Boston.

Gen. Miles' wife is a sister of Senator Cameron's wife, and a niece of Senator and the late Gen. Sherman.

A sealskin coat or robe has been "bullied" and lined with satin for the Duchess of Portland at a cost of 1,000 guineas.

Mrs. Philip D. Armour, the wife of the Chicago millionaire, is a notable housekeeper, and prides herself upon her culinary successes.

The Comte de Paris request that his son should receive a commission in the Russian army has been refused by the Emperor of Russia.

Kalkanus was a thirty-third degree Mason. He was also master of one of the Blue Lodges, scribe of the chapter, and warden of the Temples.

The able, learned, level-headed Judge Thomas M. Cooley once said to his law class: "Young gentlemen, beware of the fatal faculty of speech."

Gen. Lee never executed a spy. He used to say: "Poor fellows, we have got them and they can't do any harm—what is the use of killing them?"

Mrs. Mary Darden, of Hampton, Va., claims to be 103 years old and her word is believed. Her mother died in 1831, at the reputed age of 106.

Ida Lewis, the life saver, has been offered a chance to go on the stage, but she prefers the Newport lighthouse to the chance of light houses at the theater.

One of the Congressmen-elect of North Carolina, W. T. Crawford, is preparing himself for his duties by studying law in the University of North Carolina.

Queen Victoria, when dining alone, drinks very weak whisky and water. This is in accordance with her doctor's orders, but at banquets she takes two glasses of Burgundy.

Mr. Windom, like Gen. Grant and Secretary Manning, was a great smoker of cigars, and his excessive use of tobacco is supposed to have aggravated his heart trouble.

Bismarck has found one friend that he can trust without hesitation. It is a little wren which comes at call and perches upon the hand that has swayed the destinies of nations.

Senator-elect Peffer, of Kansas, was never known to go to a theater or to wear a dress suit, but he once wore a frock coat unbuttoned and is expected to resume that attire when he enters the Senate.

Don Francis d'Asqui, ex-Queen Isabella's nominal husband, lives in Epinay, a little old man with smocky shaven cheeks, and dresses so shabbily that the people have nicknamed him le petit pere.

Rose Terry Cooke advises young girls, even those gifted with a literary talent, to place no dependence on literature as a bread-winner. "The life," she says, "is full of mortification, anxiety and disappointment."

Kageama Hidde, the young schoolmistress who has become the leader of the Radical party in Japan, is hardly more than 27 years old. She is of medium height and faultless figure, and her eyes are large and beautiful.

Robert Louis Stevenson says he intends to end his days in Samoa. He has closed out all his affairs in England and Scotland, and his mother will join him, and family in the new South Sea Island home shortly.

Gen. Whitthorne, of Tennessee, is one of the many Congressmen who retired to private life on March 4. He says, though, that at his age—nearly 70—and after twenty years service at Washington, he is glad to doff the harness.

Isabella II., ex-Queen of Spain, is a fat and waddling old lady of circus-like girth, who seems to have forgotten all the vanities of the world and to be devoted to works of charity, the appreciation of Parisian dinners, and the needs of a good partner for the waltz table.

Melissier was one of the many little men who have played big parts in the world's history. His head was large, and his shoulders were rather broad, but his body was short and slender. His legs were small and insignificant, but they answered Abraham Lincoln's test, in being long enough to reach the ground.

Olivia Gollub, the young Baltimore society girl who is about to venture into theatrical life, is a pretty and rather small brunette. Her eyes are dark, and her hair, black as ink, falls to her waist. In figure she is attractive, and she dances well. She has appeared in many amateur theatrical performances in her native city.

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It is the belief of scientists, and among them Mr. Edison, that the future will witness the direct production of food from soil, water, and air. In fact, even at the present day some substances, such as madder, are produced by a direct chemical process.

COUNSEL.

A journey round the world began by taking but one passenger. He not too eager, little man. In severing the race.

The miles increase, be not disturbed; Plan wisely, delve and dig; The oak your arms no longer gird Grew from a slender twig.

Toil bravely on in patience wait, And by the moment live; Choose rather to be good than great, And gain that you may give.

—Frank Leslie's Illustrated.

FIRST TIME UNDER FIRE.

THE memory of the soldier's first battle will never be forgotten by him. The impressions were burned so deeply into the brain and spirit that a century of peace would not efface or even dim them. Twenty-nine years have passed since I went through the first "baptism of fire," and yet the scene and events as fresh and as vivid in the soul vision as is the storm of yesterday eve.

I want to tell you something about it. I shall not name the time nor the place—the living who were with me will remember the facts—for the record I give is historic, is real, not ideal or fanciful, and I wish to have the record so worded that any man in the world can read it without a feeling of bitterness in any known direction. The picture I give is not for the man who were this or that uniform. I want a cameo that will outlast the passion that produced the bloody struggle.

I do not pretend to give a history of an entire battle; no one man can do this unless he draws upon the experience and observation of others, for each actor in any great battle sees the struggle differently from what it appears to others. I shall relate my own individual experience and observation—what I personally saw and heard of one fiercely fought battle—one memorable in the history of the war—my first passing into and through its flame of fire.

A soldier's first battle in war does not always come at the appointed hour. Many of the volunteers went to the front, expecting to whip out the fight the next morning after arrival—either before or after breakfast—then to return home crowned with immortal honors. But with thousands many weary months elapsed before the opportunity of meeting the foe came in real earnest, and when it did come countless thousands were not expecting it. After my enlistment as a soldier I had not long to wait the coming of the fight.

Night had enveloped the camp, and I was dreaming of sunny fields, of smiling meadows, of a happy home—of mother, and all that was near and dear to a human heart. But the destroying angel came, and all vanished into the realm of sweetened shadow.

For a comrade stood beside me with his hand on my bosom. As he leaned over toward my ear I heard him say tremulously—the man's heart in a flutter of emotion:

"Wake up! They are advancing!"

Was there the hue on his lips that made me think instantaneously of the line?

Whispering with white lips, "The foe—they come! they come!"

The first beams of the full morning were penciling the orient sky, and the rays fell upon a group of half a dozen anxious faces gathered around the adjutant's tent. Two horses were there—one with drooping head and limb at rest; another was panting heavily and reeking with smoke as the courier still sat on him. The commanding officer was reading a note, hastily scratched in pencil, under starlight alone.

The officer was in dishabille. Yet I heard him speak hurriedly and anxiously to the bugler just called up:

"Sound reveille at once, and boots and saddles immediately afterward."

Turning around he added, addressing his adjutant, "Saddle my horse at once, William."

Strange it is what a magnetic influence, as it were, that will pervade a mass of men in the hour of danger and duty. Three minutes had not elapsed after the sounds of the last bugle blow had thrilled the camp till the squadrons were forming.

"Move the column down the road, captain," said the commanding officer. "I will gallop out and ascertain the real situation."

We passed another and another courier and then we came to a body of men holding horses behind a clump of trees.

Just then there seemed to be an awful stillness in the morning air, suddenly broken by a noise that sounded strange to me.

"What is that?" I asked.

"It is the rumbling of their artillery," said Gen. S. Then he turned around, looking on all squarely in the face, and added in a confident tone, "Yes, they are advancing, and in force."

There was no mistaking the sound that next greeted the ears, there was a clear, ringing report that punctuated the stillness, then there was another and another and the rifle cracks died away. They were the prelude of the battle soon to begin in earnest.

The clattering horses' hoofs signaled another courier who dashed up exclaiming in tones of feeling:

"General, our dismounted men are skirmishing with them." We had heard the rifle shots half a mile away.

"Captain, gallop back, and hurry up the infantry. Tell Captain Hart we need the artillery at once. He, too, is coming."

Then there was another and another ring of the clear, voiced rifle, then a terrific volley and a double shot or two, and then the guns were hushed a moment. Men were seen hurrying from the direction of the sound. They were the dismounted skirmishers who were being driven back by the strong advance in front. They rallied with our column.

"Fall in, men," cried a sergeant near me. Fall in, men! fall in promptly. Fall in here!"

Oh, this terrible tongue of war! Fall in here! Fall in! This is the most awful appeal that greets the soldier's ears. Fall in. It is a tocsin that dies away only with the funeral knell of many—for to them it says: "Fall in—fall in—to the arms of death!"

A second staff officer had been sent back to "hurry up the infantry." The noble fellows were coming. You could hear the deep muffled hum of their footsteps as the double quickening hurried them onward. As they came up I heard the short, quick command: "Move out by the right flank! into line! Steady, men! I expect every man to do his duty now!"

Move out, and move on, my dear comrades! Alas! many moved on into that column which passed on, never to return. Their first battle was their last.

There was a lull in the firing in front, but out to the leftward volley after volley poured out upon the morning air—the sun just rising over the hills to our right. I had followed at the gallop the general, who was hurrying to the front. He was more silent than I had ever known him. Suddenly he halted and turned to see who all were about him.

"What troops are those?" I asked him doubtfully. As I saw a long line of infantry men double quickening behind a high rail fence distant not 150 yards away. I could not distinguish the uniform, and I was not aware of the direction from which all our rifle men were to enter the battle.

"My God!" said the general, "that is the enemy!"

We were upon them before we were aware of their proximity. They discovered us, too, at once and were preparing for the greeting.

"Get out of the road!" shouted the general. There was a clump of trees on either side of the highway upon which he had thus far advanced.

"Get out of the road!" Don't you see they are bringing the battery to bear upon us from the hill yonder?"

I looked, and a white puff of smoke greeted my vision, and the same instant—whizz—whizz—chee—chee—went a shell right between the general and his staff, and it bounded down the road, exploding in our rear.

The general addressed me again:

"Get out of the road, and gallop back and have the cavalry moved on the flank of that line yonder in the field."

Another shell came in the mean time, and made the air resonant with the flying fragments.

Then there was a volley of rifles and a faint cheer near to our flanks—for our infantry were now moving out of the skirt of the woods and opening the battle in earnest.

Capt. Hart, too, had come, and he unlimbered his guns on the battery on the hill in front, though he soon turned his aim to the infantry line that was nearer, and I heard the shots rattling upon the rails behind which the enemy had fallen.

"Thank God, the infantry are here," said one. They are the men whose shoulders move the wheels on to victory. I heard the commanding general shout as the long line came hurrying on just as men emerged from the skirt of woods, "Move on that line behind you fence!"

A red and white and blue line of fire answered from the enemy.

"Fall down and fire!" I heard an officer shout.

Alas! many had already fallen—fallen to rise no more.

Half a hundred men of a regiment stood up, and their irregular fire rattled mockingly along the fence.

It was the work of but a moment, for a whole brigade in our front answered the fire of the little band. The battery rained grape and canister and shrapnel against the brigade, and now the battle had joined in awful earnestness all along the line.

Battery, replied to battery, hostile brigade replied to hostile brigade, with sheets of iron and laden fire. There were in the terrific din the hurdling shot, the screaming, screeching shell, and whistling whirl of the deadly mine. Amid the roar were the shouts of command, the wailing shriek of the wounded and the moans of the dying. The hours were passing, the musketry was roaring with an unbroken note, the batteries were bellying at each other, when suddenly there was a deep, dull thud—a mighty force which at once shook the whole battlefield. Two heavily laden caissons were blown up simultaneously. Then there was another sound which could not be mistaken. There was a lull in the firing on our right, and the whole earth seemed to be laboring and groaning. Thousands stood listening amid the horrid hell!

Oh, it was the charge of the cavalry! "Charge! charge!" shouted the throats of a dozen officers, and the huge blinets, ringing out faintly in the din, mingled and died away in the fierce shouting of the squadrons.

Boom! boom! boom! went the artillery bosses!

Clang! clang! clang! rang out the glittering snubbers as they leaped from the scabbard.

It was, however, but an instant of awful chorus when the wailing cry of "Waterloo, sauve qui peut!"—save himself who can!—went up before the onrushing squadron of furious horsemen, who broke out in the wild shout of victory that deadened the guns along the whole line—and troops on the right—troops on the left—troops in the center—all caught the notes, and there was a long and terrific thunder note of victory! The cheers of infantry men greeted the shouts of cavalry men—while the little squad about the artillery—brave fellows, with bands of red upon their

uniforms, cried out, as the defeated were seen lying in stricken masses in front:

"Hurra for our battery!"

And well might the living victors shout!

And well may the dead rest—friend and foe in "one red burial blent."—M. V. Moore in Atlanta Constitution.

NOT TO BE VANQUISHED.

How a Maine Lunatic Stopped a Train With a Rusty Sword.

The first appearance of a railway train in the city of Portland was a source of great wonderment to most of the country people, who used to visit the place for the purpose of marketing their produce. Large crowds used to gather about the time for the incoming train. Among those who used to lounge about the depot was an elderly man who for several years had been an inmate of the county poorhouse.

His tall, manly form, erect carriage and finely cut face, plainly indicated a good intellect originally, and a man who had seen better days. It was said that he once held an office of high rank in the state militia, but insanity had brought him to grief and want. He used to travel the city throughout, each day, arrayed in his regimentals, with a dilapidated cocked hat, a pair of rusty epaulettes and high topped boots, armed with a long rusty sword and waving a tattered flag. For many years he was known as "Gen. Warren."

One day an uncommonly great crowd stood in and about the depot awaiting the morning train. Soon the rattle of the cars was heard in the distance. The General was seen to dart from among the crowd and rush along the track waving his flag and gesticulating violently with his sword at the same time in a loud and peremptory tone ordering a halt. The engineer thinking some obstruction was on the track, whistled down brakes, and quickly, as if in obedience to the General's order came to a halt.

The General stood his ground without uttering a word.

"What's the matter?" inquired the engineer, as soon as he came within hailing distance.

"Why," coolly replied the General, "I have fought and vanquished lions, bears, tigers. Yes, men. Do you suppose I am going to turn back for a cook stove on trucks?"—From the Lewiston Journal.

The Life Saving Service.

Hon. Sumner I Kimball, General Superintendent of the Life Saving Service, in his annual report shows that at the close of the last fiscal year there were 233 stations, 176 being on the Atlantic. The number of disasters to documented vessels within the field of station operations during the year was 384. There were on board these vessels 3,197 persons, of whom thirty-eight were lost. The number of shipwrecked persons who received succor at the stations was 788. The total value of property imperilled was \$7,555,908. Of this amount \$5,451,843 was saved. The number of vessels totally lost was seventy-six. In addition to those named there were during the year 145 casualties to smaller craft, on which there were 200 persons, of whom ten were lost. In addition to persons saved from vessels there were twenty-seven others rescued.

I wish there were some way to record the deeds of heroism that the crews have performed, not to destroy men's lives, but to save them.—Advocate of Peace.

Unique Advertising.

Bishop Talbot told a story in Boston recently showing that at least one Harvard man didn't leave his wits behind him when he left college. The bishop, it seems, arrived one day in a small mining town in his diocese—Wyoming—where he had promised to hold a service. Walking up the street he noticed some green handbills flying about, took up one and read as follows: "Bishop Talbot preaches to-night at —. Let him have a big crowd. Please leave your guns with the usher."

The bishop was not easily scared, but thought the last sentence a little odd. On inquiry he learned that one of the young men in town, a Harvard man, by the way, who knew the bishop, and wanted to raise a good crowd to greet him, knowing that many who would not come to hear a bishop preach would come at the hint of a disturbance of any kind.—New York World.

Good Money.

There is a kind of thrift, not yet gone wholly out of fashion, which used to be described as "making one hand wash the other," says the Pitts-Dispatch.

During Senator Jones' recent exhaustive speech on the silver question he referred to the fact that in the ancient days of Massachusetts oyster shells were used as money.

Mr. Honar nodded his venerable head, and whispered to Senator Gray:

"Yes, and very good money it was. If a man in those days wanted to order a dozen of the half-shell, he could do it with perfect safety, knowing that he could pay for them with the shell."

Trapped by Vanity.

A blackwoodsman in Arkansas killed a traveler in a quarrel on the highway, and as no one saw the affair he was untrapped for a year. He would never have been connected with that fact but for his vanity. Being invited to a party he wore a diamond ring which had been taken from the murdered man's finger.

PERNICIOUS LITERATURE.

DIL TAINAGE COMPARES IT TO THE PLAGUE OF FROGS.

Evils Resulting From the Perusal of Bad Books, and How They May Be Overcome.—A Good Book and Its Influence.

New York, March 8, 1901.—The plague of pernicious literature formed the subject of Dr. Talmage's sermon today, which was the third of the series he is preaching on the "Ten Plagues of the Cities." The text of the preacher's discourse was taken from Exodus 8, 6-7: "And the frogs came to and covered the land of Egypt. And the magicians did so with their enchantments, and brought up frogs upon the land of Egypt."

There is almost an universal aversion to frogs, and yet with the Egyptian they were honored, they were sacred, and they were objects of worship while alive, and after death they were embalmed, and today their remains may be found among the sepulchres of Thebes. These creatures, so attractive once to the Egyptians, at some stage became obnoxious and loathsome, and they went croaking and hopping and leaping into the palace of the king, and into the bread trays and the couches of the people, and even the ovens, which now are uplifted above the earth and on the side of the chimney, but then were small holes in the earth with sunken pottery, were filled with frogs when the housekeepers came to look at them. If a man sat down to eat, a frog floated on a plate. If he attempted to put on a shoe, it was preoccupied by a frog. If he attempted to put his head upon a pillow, it had been taken possession of by a frog. Frogs high and low everywhere; loathsome frogs, slimy frogs, besieging frogs, innumerable frogs, great plague of frogs. What made the matter worse, the magicians said there was no miracle in this, and they could by sleight-of-hand produce the same thing, and they seemed successful, for by sleight-of-hand wonders may be wrought. After Moses had thrown down his staff and by miracle it became a serpent, and then he took hold of it and by miracle it again became a staff, the serpent charmers imitated the same thing, and knowing that there were serpents in Egypt which by a peculiar pressure on the neck would become as rigid as a stick of wood, they seemed to change the serpent into the staff, and then, throwing it down, the staff became the serpent. So likewise the magicians tried to imitate the plague of frogs, and perhaps by sleight of hand, by contracting a great number of them to a certain point, or by shaking them out from a hidden place, the magicians sometimes seemed to accomplish the same miracle. While these magicians made the plague worse, none of them tried to make it better.

"Frogs came up and covered the land of Egypt, and the magicians did so with their enchantment, and brought up frogs upon the land of Egypt."

Now that plague of frogs has come back upon the earth. It is abroad today. It is smiting this nation. It comes in the shape of corrupt literature. These frogs hop into the store, the shop, the office, the banking-house, the factory,—into the home, into the cellar, into the garret, on the shelf of the library. While the lad is reading the bad book the teacher's face is turned the other way. One of these frogs hops upon the page. While the young woman is reading the forbidden novellette after retiring at night, reading by gaslight, one of these frogs leaps upon the page. Indeed, they have hopped on the newspapers of the country, and the mails at the post-office shake out in the letter trough hundreds of them. The plague has taken at different times, possession of this country. It is one of the most loathsome, one of the most frightful, one of the most ghastly of the ten plagues of our modern age. There is a vast number of books and newspapers printed and published which ought never to see the light. They are filled with a pestilence that makes the land swelter with a moral epidemic. The greatest blessing that ever came to this nation is that of an elevated literature, and the greatest scourge has been that of unclean literature. This last has its victims in all occupations and departments. It has helped to fill insane asylums and penitentiaries and almshouses and dens of shame. The bodies of this infection in the hospitals and in the graves, while their souls are being tossed over into a lost eternity, an avalanche of horror and despair. The London plague was nothing to it. That counted its victims by thousands, but this modern pest has already shovelled its millions into the charnel-house of the morally dead. The largest rail train that ever ran over the Erie or Hudson tracks was not long enough to carry the beastliness and the perversity which have been gathered up in the last twenty years. The literature of a nation decides the fate of a nation. Good books, good morals. Bad books, bad morals.

I begin with the lowest of all the literature, that which does not even pretend to be respectable—from cover to cover a blot of leprosy. There are many whose entire business it is to dispose of that kind of literature. They display it before the school-boys on highway corners. They get catalogues of schools and colleges, take the names and postoffice addresses, and send their advertisements and their circulars and their pamphlets and their books to every one of them.

In the possession of these dealers in bad literature were found nine hundred thousand names and postoffice addresses, to whom it was thought it might be profitable to send these corrupt things. In the year 1872 there were one hundred and sixty-five establishments engaged in publishing corrupt literature. From one publishing house there went out twenty different styles of corrupt books. Although over thirty tons of vile literature have been destroyed by the Society for the Suppression of Vice, still there is enough of it left in this country to bring down upon us the thunderbolts of an incensed God.

In the year 1863, the evil had become so great in this country that the Congress of the United States passed a law forbidding the transmission of bad literature through the United States mails; but there were large loopholes in that law through which criminals could crawl out, and the law was a dead failure—that law of 1863. But in 1873, another law was passed by the Congress of the United States against the admission of corrupt literature through the mails—a grand law, a potent law, a Christian law—and under that law multitudes of scoundrels have been arrested, their property confiscated, and they themselves thrown into the penitentiaries where they belonged.

Now, my friends, how are we to war against this corrupt literature, and how are the frogs of this Egyptian plague to be slain? First of all, by the prompt and unhesitating execution of the law. Let all good postmasters and United States district-attorneys, and detectives and reformers concert in their action to stop this plague.

How have so many of the news-stands of our great cities been purified? How has so much of this iniquity been balked? By moral suasion? Oh, no. You might as well go into a jungle of the East Indies and put a cobra on the neck, and with profound argument try to persuade the cobra that it is morally wrong to bite and to sting and to poison anything. The only answer to your argument would be an uplifted head and a hiss, and a sharp, rocking tooth struck into your arteries. The only argument for a cobra is a shotgun, and the only argument for these dealers in impure literature is the clutch of the police and bean soup in a penitentiary. The law! The law! I invoke to consummate the work so grandly begun.

Another way in which we are to drive back this plague of Egyptian frogs is by filling the minds of our young people with a healthful literature. I do not mean to say that all the books and newspapers in our families ought to be religious books and newspapers, or that every song ought to be sung to the tune of "Old Hundred."

I have no sympathy with the attempt to make young old. I would rather join in a crusade to keep the young young. Boys and girls should not be allowed to read, but there are good books, good histories, good biographies, good works of fiction, good books of all styles with which we are to fill the minds of the young, so that there will be no more room for the useless and the vicious than there is room for chaff in a bushel measure which is already filled with Michigan wheat.

A good book—who can exaggerate its power? Benjamin Franklin said that his reading of Cotton Mather's "Essays To Do Good," in childhood gave him holy aspirations for the rest of his life. George Law declared that a biography he read in childhood gave him all his subsequent propensities. Oh, the power of a good book! But, alas! for the influence of a bad book. John Angel James, than whom England never had a holier minister, stood in his pulpit in Birmingham and said "Twenty-five years ago I had loaned to me an infamous book. He would loan it only fifteen minutes and then I had to give it back; but that book has haunted me like a specter ever since. I have in agony of soul and on my knees before God, prayed that he would obliterate from my soul the memory of it; but I shall carry the damage of it until the day of my death." The assassin of Sir William Russell declared that he got the inspiration for his crime by reading what was then a new and popular novel, "Jack Sheppard." Homer's "Iliad" made Alexander the Warrior, Alexander the Great. The story of Alexander made Julius Caesar and Charles XII, both men of blood. Have you in your pocket or in your trunk, or in your desk at business a bad book, a bad picture, a bad pamphlet? In God's name I warn you to destroy it.

We see so many books we do not understand what a book is. Stand it on end. Measure it, the height of it, the depth of it, the length of it, the breadth of it. You cannot do it. Examine the paper. Estimate the progress made from the time of the impressions on clay, and then on to the bark of trees, and from the bark of trees to papyrus, and from papyrus to the hide of wild beasts, and from the hide of wild beasts on down until the miracles of our modern paper manufacturers, and then see the paper, white and pure as an infant's soul, waiting for God's inscription.

A book! Examine the type of it. Examine the printing of it and see the progress from the time when Solon's laws were written on oak planks, and Hesiod's poems were written on tables of lead, and the Sinitic commands were written on tables of stone, on down to Hoo's perfecting printing press. A book! It took all the universities of the past, all the martyr fires, all the civilizations, all the battles, all the victories, all the defeats, all the glooms, all the brightnesses, all the centuries to make it possible. A book! It is the genius of the ages—it is the drawing-room in which kings and queens and emperors and poets and historians and philosophers come out to greet you. If I worshipped anything on earth I would worship that. If I burned incense to any idol, I would burn incense to that. Thank God for good books, healthful books, inspiring books, Christian books, books of men, books of women, books of God. It is with these good books that we are to overcome corrupt literature. Upon the frogs sweep the theologies. I depend much for the overthrow of iniquitous literature upon the mortality of books. Even good books have a hard struggle to live. Polybius wrote forty books; only five of them left. Thirty books of Tacitus have perished. Twenty books of Pliny have perished. Livy wrote one hundred and forty books; only thirty-five of them remain. Aeschylus wrote one hundred dramas; only seven remain. Virgil's works over a hundred years ago remain. Varro wrote the biographies of over seven hundred great Romans. All that wealth of biography has perished. If good and valuable books have such a struggle to live what must be the fate of those that are diseased and corrupt and blasted at the very start? They will die as the frogs when the Lord turned back the plague. The work of Christianization will go on until there will be nothing left but good books, and they will take the supremacy of the world. May you and I live to see the illustrious day!

Against every bad pamphlet send a good pamphlet; against every unclean picture send an innocent picture; against every scurrilous song send a Christian song; against every bad book send a good book; and then it will be as it was in ancient Toledo, where the Toletum missals were kept by the saints in six churches, and sacrilegious Romans demanded that these missals be destroyed, and that the Roman missals be substituted; and the war came on and I am glad to say that the whole matter having been referred to champions the champion of the Toletum missals with one blow brought down the champion of the Roman missals. So it will be in literature today. The good literature, the Christian literature, in its championship for God and the truth, will bring down the evil literature in its championship for the devil. I feel tingling to the tips of my fingers and through all the nerves of my body, and all the depths of my soul, the certainty of our triumph. Cheer up, men and women who are tolling for the purification of society! Toll with your faces in the sunlight. "If God be for us, who can be against us?"

"Dashaway"—"Gloria"—Cleveland—"Thanks (puff, puff)—that's a good weed. Aren't (puff) you going to smoke too?" Dashaway—(examining the remaining one closely)—"No; I think not." Cleveland—"You must (puff) have given (puff) me (puff) the wrong one."—Harper's Bazar.

Young Husband (mouling his wife on the street)—"Horror! in the baby dead!" Young Wife—"What nonsense! Of course not. I just this moment left him as well as ever. Why did you think anything had happened?" Young Husband (with a gasp of relief)—"Why, here I am only two blocks from home and I don't hear him."

RELIGIOUS.

There are now 20,000 Protestant Christians in Mexico.

The Southern Presbyterian church now has three colored presbyteries.

During 1890 the Baptists sent out the largest missionary force they ever put into the field in any one year.

Evangelist Moody says that those who say they will forgive but can't forget an injury, simply bury the hatchet while they leave the handle out, ready for immediate use.

Canon Scott Robertson has figured up the money given and bequeathed to foreign missions in the British islands during the year 1899, and finds the sum to be \$3,603,570.

The Protestant Episcopal church has 4,103 clergy, 399 candidates for orders, 2,830 parishes and missions and 503,292 communicants. The number of baptisms last year was 1,655, of which nearly 47,000 were infants. The contributions for the year were \$12,754,767.

"August Flower"

How does he feel?—He feels cranky, and is constantly experimenting, dieting himself, adopting strange notions, and changing the cooking, the dishes, the hours, and manner of his eating.—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels at times a gnawing, voracious, insatiable appetite, wholly unaccountable, unnatural and unhealthy.—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels no desire to go to the table and a grumbling, fault-finding, over-nicety about what is set before him when he is there.—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels after a spell of this abnormal appetite an utter abhorrence, loathing, and detestation of food; as if a mouthful would kill him.—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He has irregular bowels and peculiar stools.—August Flower the Remedy.

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FOR ONE DOLLAR sent us by mail, we will deliver, free of all charges, to any person in the United States, all the following articles carefully packed in a neat box:

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One one-ounce bottle of Vaseline Hair Oil 10 cts.
One one-ounce bottle of Vaseline Face Cream 10 cts.
One one-ounce bottle of Vaseline Tooth Paste 10 cts.
One one-ounce bottle of Vaseline Shave Cream 10 cts.
One one-ounce bottle of Vaseline Deodorant 10 cts.
One one-ounce bottle of Vaseline Perfume 10 cts.
One one-ounce bottle of Vaseline Cologne 10 cts.
One one-ounce bottle of Vaseline Hair Lotion 10 cts.
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One one-ounce bottle of Vaseline Eye Lotion 10 cts.
One one-ounce bottle of Vaseline Nose Lotion 10 cts.
One one-ounce bottle of Vaseline Throat Lotion 10 cts.
One one-ounce bottle of Vaseline Chest Lotion 10 cts.
One one-ounce bottle of Vaseline Back Lotion 10 cts.
One one-ounce bottle of Vaseline Arm Lotion 10 cts.
One one-ounce bottle of Vaseline Leg Lotion 10 cts.
One one-ounce bottle of Vaseline Hip Lotion 10 cts.
One one-ounce bottle of Vaseline Shoulder Lotion 10 cts.
One one-ounce bottle of Vaseline Neck Lotion 10 cts.
One one-ounce bottle of Vaseline Head Lotion 10 cts.
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For stamps any single article at the price. If you have occasion to use Vaseline in form of ointment, cream, or soap, you will find it most useful in all cases. A great many druggists are willing to purchase Vaseline in bulk. Write for a list of names. Never yield to such persuasion, as the price is a mere trifle, and you will not give you the results you expect. A bottle of Vaseline is sold by all druggists at 10 cts. each. One two-ounce bottle of Vaseline 20 cts.

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We trust the Columbus idea of settling editorial disputes will not become general.

This is a great country. Congress has adjourned, but a base ball war has begun which promises to furnish excitement for the summer.

A MODERN miracle—the saving of four men who had been entombed in a coal mine at Jeannette, Penn. nineteen days, without food or water.

The bill pensioning the widow of Admiral Porter at \$2,500 per annum is in the President's hands, having passed both Houses without opposition.

SENATOR Ingalls has published a poem on "opportunity." It was probably written before he had felt the full weight of the Farmer's Alliance first.

THERE are five million young men in the country who never darken a church door, and twenty-nine thousand young men in the prisons of the country. What a record for parents to contemplate.

JUDGING from the recent street scrimmage at Columbus, Ohio, editors are almost as dangerous to monkey with as the gun you know isn't loaded, but there is room for improvement in their marksmanship.

AND so the silver question is to figure in the next national campaign. All right so be it; let the friends and enemies of free coinage stand up and be counted, and then let the will of the majority be obeyed, not thwarted, whatever the consequences may be.

THE friends of free silver coinage are not likely to bubble over with enthusiasm on account of ex-Gov. Foster's being called to the head of the Treasury department, but they can console themselves by thinking how much worse it would have been for them had the President selected a single standard gold man for the position.

GERMANY has a Farmers Alliance that is growing almost as powerful in that country as its American prototype has already become in the United States. Count Von Moltke and Prince Bismarck, both of whom are said to be practical farmers, have announced their allegiance to the Farmer's Alliance.

THERE's a screw loose somewhere. While a national organization of women, holding a session in Washington, were telling the world about the great capacity possessed by women for business and professional life the United States Senate was deciding that the board of lady managers of the World's Fair was merely an ornamental appendage of the Exposition.

The whole civilized world is shocked at the arrest of a Brazilian mulatto, who has been living on human flesh, and in what manner is this ignorant, depraved man, who ate human beings because he had no other way of satisfying his hunger, any worse than the thousands of educated, wealthy, and in many cases personally refined, employers in this country who wilfully and intentionally take advantage of the necessities of their employees to grind their wages down to the lowest possible point that will keep soul and body together? Both the cannibal and the grinding employer are living on human flesh, the ignorant one devouring it outright and the intelligent one wearing it out for his benefit, and of the two which is the greater sinner? Can there be a doubt? We think not.

Mr. HARRISON has provided for two of the eminent republican "exs" Senator Blair has been nominated, and unanimously confirmed by the Senate, to be minister to China, and Representative Anderson has been nominated to be Consul General to Egypt, but owing to the vigorous opposition of Senator Ingalls, who is his bitter enemy and who is also unfriendly towards the President, he has not been confirmed although the impression is that he will be.

"When my Ship Comes Over the Sea," the latest musical hit. Price seventy-five cents. Special price for introduction, post-paid, forty cents. Address, Will L. Thompson & Co., 250 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

TEACHERS MEETING.
There will be a Teachers Meeting, March 21st, 1891 at Antioch. Programme: Miss White, song; R. L. Taylor, Physiology (nervous system); A. Thom, Civil Gov. (State); Miss Bartlett, Recitation; Homer Jamison, Circle Work. E. J. Sablin, President, Homer Jamison, Secretary.

A NOTABLE GATHERING AT THE HOME OF M. A. HOWARD, IN ANTIOCH.

Saturday, March 7th, 1891 was the 69th birthday of Mrs. W. A. Story. Her children conceived the idea of giving her a birthday party on that occasion and inviting only the old ladies of the near neighborhood. The party was made up of nearly twenty persons, their ages varying from 53 to 86 years, and many of these were her neighbors between the years of 1810 and 1850. This naturally led the conversation to early scenes and early events, and every one present seemed to have a large supply of unwritten events to relate. Never did a gathering of ladies enjoy themselves better than those seemed to do on this occasion, and while they were neighbors and friends 40 or 50 years ago, many of them through the changes and ups and downs of this life, had not met before in 30, 40 or more years.

Mrs. W. A. Story was born in England March 7th 1822; came to this country in 1832; married and settled in Antioch in 1842; moved to California in 1852; returned and located again in Antioch in 1853. Mr. Story's health failing he gave up farming and moved to Waukegan in 1865 where he died in 1882. Since then Mrs. Story has made her home with her children here and in Dakota, and enjoys a very large circle of friends and acquaintances.

Following is a list of those present and their ages: Mrs. W. A. Story, 69 years, Mrs. M. Emmons, 85 years, Mrs. S. French, 79 years, Mrs. C. Jones, 75, Mrs. Ames, 73, Mrs. Johnson, 73, Mrs. M. Oleott, 73, Mrs. James Ingalls, 69, Mrs. A. A. Elliott, 68, Mrs. Turner, 68, Mrs. W. H. Ring, 68, Mrs. D. Bates, 66, Mrs. J. C. James, 57, Mrs. T. C. Richardson, 54, Mrs. B. Oleott, 54, Mrs. F. Pittman, 53 years, Mrs. L. D. Parker, 72. The ladies were all weighed, and suffice it to say they ranged from 79 to 210 lbs. At about 1 o'clock all sat down to a bountiful repast prepared by Mrs. M. A. Howard and Mrs. J. B. Story. About 3 P. M. the ladies gathered on the walk in front of the house and were photographed by Messrs Hatch & White. The Simons House has conveyed the entire party to and from the house. As they bade good bye they all wished Mrs. Story the return of many more birthdays, and all felt that the day had been very happily spent.

ONE WHO WAS THERE.

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DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR.
GENERAL LAND OFFICE,
Washington, D. C., Feb. 27, 1891.

Public notice is hereby given under section 2455, Rev. Stat., and the decision of the Honorable Acting Secretary of the Interior of September, 6, 1890, that Netta Island in Pistakee Lake, section 4, township 45, north, range 9 east, 3d. P. M. Illinois, containing 23.71 acres will be offered at public sale to the highest bidder at the General Land Office, Washington, D. C., on Wednesday, April 15, 1891, at eleven o'clock A. M.

The offering will be made subject to the rights of John Netts, the applicant for the survey of the Island, to remove such of his improvements on the land as can be severed from the realty, and to any other rights on his part that on further investigation should be protected by the Government.

Lewis A. Groff,
Commissioner and ex-officio Register and Receiver, Act of March 3, 1877.

BARGAINS IN VILLAGE PROPERTY.

We offer this week a new house and 3 lots, with well, elstern, barn etc., in this village, a bargain at \$2,100. Also a warehouse at what it cost the owner; a bargain for some one. Don't buy village lots until you see what we have to offer. CHINN & BURKE, Real-estate and Loans, Antioch, Ills.

Many years practice have given C. A. Snow & Co., solicitors of Patents, at Washington D. C., unsurpassed success in obtaining patents for all classes of invention. They make a specialty of rejected cases, and have secured allowance of many patents that had been previously rejected. Their advertisement in another column will be of interest to inventors, patentees, manufacturers and all who have to do with patents.

NOTICE!
Watch! Watch!

All that are lovers of good and reliable time keepers, watches and clocks, can buy of me for spot cash, at wholesale prices. All I ask is 6 per cent. over whole-sale list price. You will get from 40 to 50 per cent. discount, which will reduce your time pieces from \$20 to \$10. Please call and I will show you the net price. T. C. Richardson, Antioch, Ill.

HOUSES FOR ALL:— Village lot from \$100, up, in a prosperous village on Wis. Central R. R. Address: R. Johnson, Antioch, Ill.

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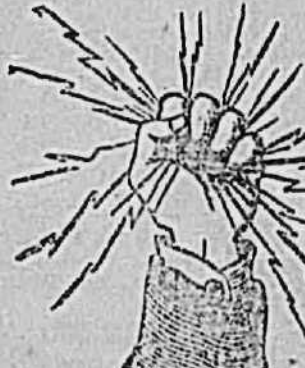
A good store with dwelling rooms overhead. For particulars call on or address: H. Thacker, Lake Villa, Ill.

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2,000 References. Name this paper when you write.

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Horses, Cattle, Sheep & Hogs.
Excels any remedy for the rapid cure of Hard Colds, Coughs, Hoarse Sound, Yellow Water, Fever, Diarrhoea, Sore and Weak Eyes, Lung Fever, Constiveness, Bitchies, and all difficulties arising from impurities of the Blood. Will relieve Hoarseness at once. Manufactured by the JOPPA MANUFACTURING CO., LYONS, N. Y. Sure Cure for Hog Cholera, FULLER & FULLER, General Western Agents, Chicago, Ill.

HEATH & MILLIGAN'S PAINTS!

— FOR SALE BY —
C. O. FOLTZ,
ANTIOCH, ILLINOIS.

DO YOU SEE THIS?
During the month of February,
previous to removal to our new Store, we will sell

Full Standard prints 5 & 6cts. 7 yard.
Amoskeag & York Ch. Gingham 6 1/2.
Fine Dress Gingham, 8 1/2.
Pinnerell R. 36 inch Sheeting, ... 6 1/2.
Lonsdale Bleached Sheeting, 8 1/2.
All No's of thread, 7 doz. 45c.

NOTE THESE PRICES
IN GROCERY STOCK.
Tea at 50 cts, or 45 cents in 5 pound lots.
Tea at 40 cents or 3 pounds for \$1.00.
Tea at 30 cents or 4 pounds for \$1.00.
CANNOT BE EQUALED
in Lake County.

OUR STOCK OF CLOTHING
AT THE LOWEST PRICES
quality considered
EVER OFFERED.

Ladies, Gents and Misses
UNDERWEAR
and Gents Gloves and Mittens.
LOWER THAN EVER KNOWN
in this town.

WILLIAMS BROS.,
Antioch, - - - Ills.

M. A. Howard, J.
— DEALER IN —

FURNITURE.
I KEEP ON HAND A LARGE AND SELECT STOCK OF EVERYTHING
USUALLY FOUND IN A FIRST-CLASS FURNITURE STORE,
AND SELL AT "LIVE AND LET LIVE" PRICES.
BEFORE PLACING YOUR ORDER WITH OTHER DEALERS,
CALL AND LEARN PRICES.
STORE IN ROGERS' BUILDING,
ANTIOCH, - - - ILLINOIS.

HERE WE ARE AGAIN!
TO OFFER
BARGAINS
TO OUR CUSTOMERS.
15 1/2 lbs. Granulated Sugar, \$1.00.
MUSCATEL RAISINS 8 CENTS PER POUND.
BEST 3 PLY ROCKFORD CARPET WARP 23C PER LB.
1 lb STANDARD BAKING POWDER, 20 CENTS.
1 lb. GOOD LUCK SMOKING TOBACCO, FOR 14 CENTS.

STONE & CO.,
"LEADERS OF LOW PRICES"
ANTIOCH, - - - ILL